RECOLLECTIONS

of

A LONG

AND

SATISFACTORY LIFE

By

WILLIAM HARDEN

1934

Press of
Review Printing Company, Inc.
Savannah, Ga., U. S. A.

Linage To Author William Harden
I Think! Oron Hardin

William Harding born in
British Isles came to Barbados
+ later to S.C.
↓
b. 1725 Son William m. Mary Eberson
↓
Col. William Harding b. 1743
" " " in Rev War
↓
Edward Harden (?) officer in
Rev. war major (?)
↓
Gen. (?) Edward Harden m. (1)
Henrietta Cath. Hoskins → a dau.
m(2) 1810 Mary E. Randolph dau.
of Col. Peter Randolph
↓
Edward Harden
↓
Edward Jo Harden
↓
William Harden (a Judge?)
b. 1844

IN MEMORY

of

my beloved wife

Mary E. (Davenport) Harden

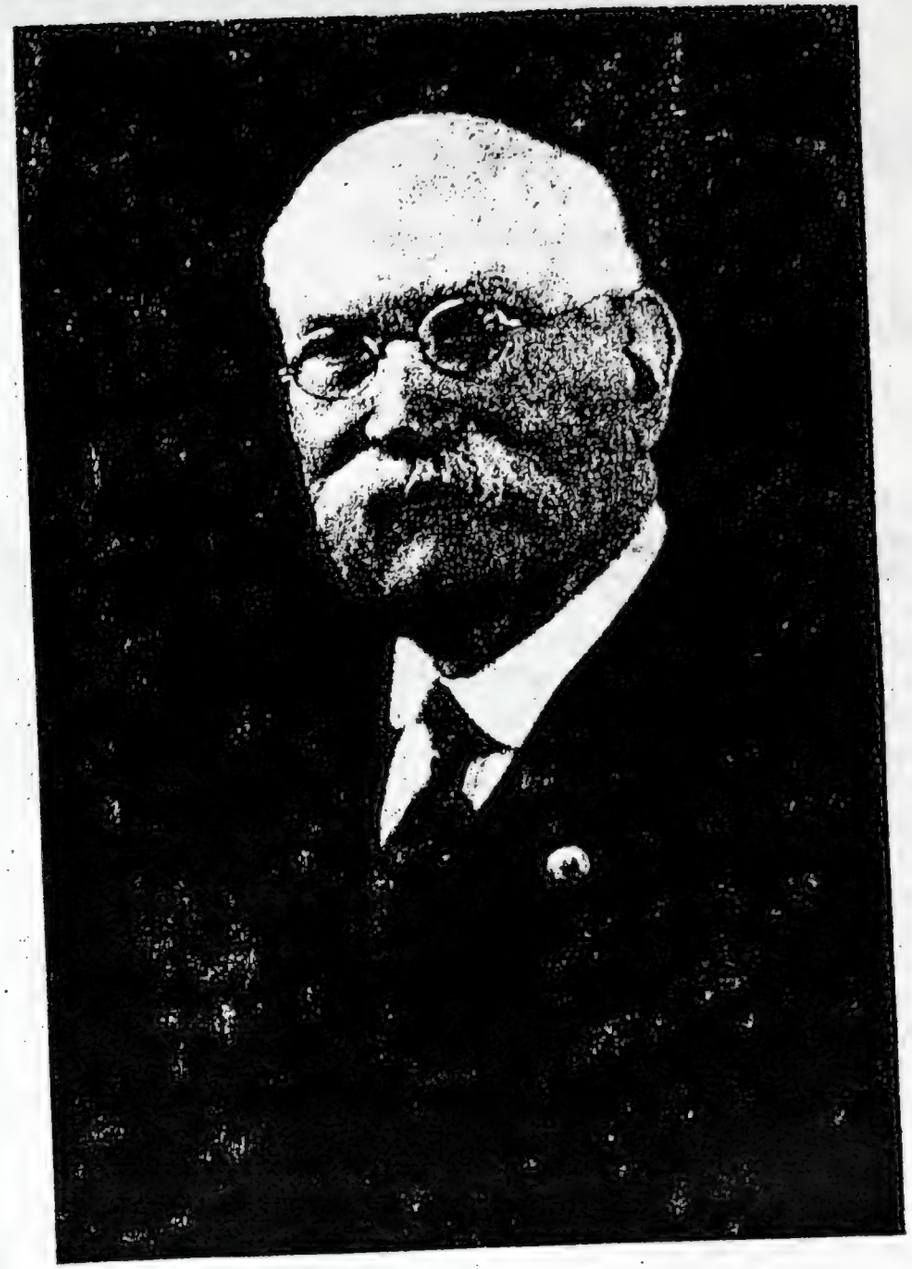
my companion for forty-two years

Preface

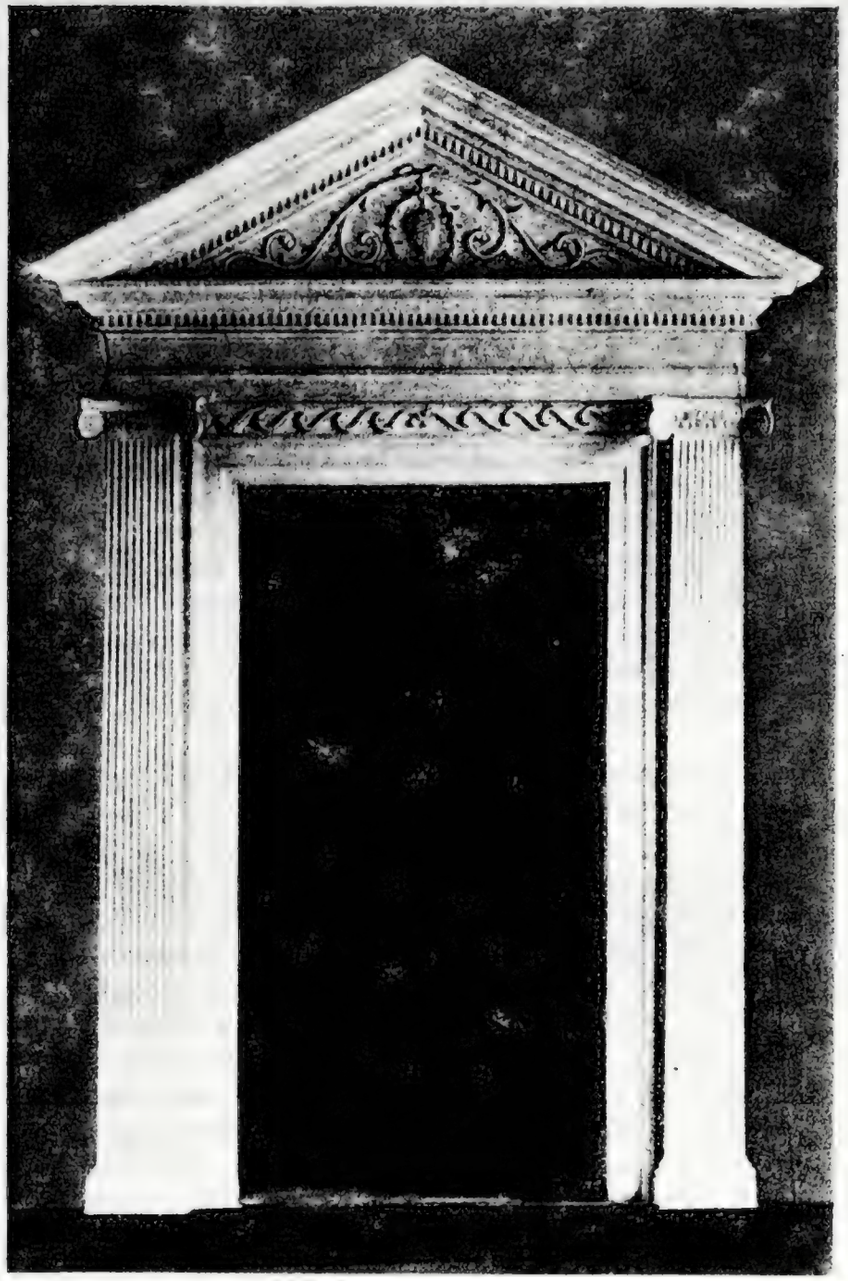
The writing of the recollections of an old man contained in the following pages is not a voluntary act on my part, but is the result of repeated urging from sources that could not be ignored. I would not, of my own volition, attempt such a task and, therefore, what I write is written by request.

I have given a title to this publication that probably requires some explanation. That it is a record of events which have occurred during a long life cannot be disputed. But, in saying that it has been a satisfactory life, some explanation may be given. I do not mean to have it inferred that my life has been satisfactory to others, but that to me the treatment I have received has almost invariably given me entire satisfaction. My life, on the whole, has been free of disappointments, serious troubles, and anything of a disconcerting character worthy of mention. If I have made any enemies, the circumstances concerning them have passed beyond my recollection. At this time, I do not know of anyone of my acquaintance towards whom I have any hard feelings or animosity.

I have been friendly with a number of persons whose lives have exceeded in length my life. I am at this time close to the ninetieth year of my age and, therefore, cannot give the experiences of one who has reached the century mark. The Rev. Edward Everett Hale, author of "The Man without a Country" and other publications of known merit, was born in the year 1822 and died in 1909. In 1902 he published his "Memories of a Hundred Years" although he lacked twenty years of being a centenarian. I am now nearer the century mark by ten years than he was at the time of the publication of his memoirs, yet I cannot say my recollections go back a full century.



Wm. Howden



DOORWAY OF GIBBONS HOUSE

Recollections of
A Long and Satisfactory Life

CHAPTER I

I WAS BORN on the 11th day of November in the year 1844 in a house of pretentious and imposing appearance located on the south-west corner of Bay and West Broad Streets in the city of Savannah, Georgia. My father was Edward J. Harden and my mother Sophia H. Maxwell, daughter of Colonel John J. Maxwell. This house was the residence of Mr. William Gibbons, a man of large fortune, who for many years spent the winters in Savannah and the summer months in the State of New Jersey. This gentleman, having determined several years before my birth to abandon the plan of residing South, looked around for some one capable, honest and reliable to take entire charge of his business affairs in the city of Savannah and the surrounding territory. Besides his residence, he owned property of great value in the city, as well as his plantation some miles to the westward known as White Hall. Having consulted his friend Mr. Robert Habersham on the subject, Mr. Gibbons decided that my grandfather, Colonel Maxwell, of Belfast in Bryan county, was the man to take charge of his affairs. Colonel Maxwell was loath to give up his interests in Bryan county, but was persuaded to do so by Mr. Gibbons and removed to Savannah where he took possession of Mr. Gibbons' city house, that being included in the arrangement between the two parties. In 1848 the death of Mr.

Gibbons brought this very amicable and satisfactory agreement to an end. My grandfather then purchased property in the neighborhood of Tallahassee, Florida, sold Belfast and concentrated all of his attention and interest in this new venture, removing his family and negroes to the State of Florida. His new plantation bore the name of De Soto and his home was in the near-by village of Bel Air. His removal from Savannah did not immediately follow the death of Mr. Gibbons, some time being required to settle the affairs of the latter's estate. It was during my grandfather's occupancy of Mr. Gibbons' home that I was born.

I was too young at the time of the removal of my parents from that house to know much about it, but it stood unchanged for many years. As I grew older I, of course, saw much of it and have a very distinct recollection of its appearance. It certainly was one of the best built houses in the city, with grounds to the rear and westward of it laid out in fruit trees, shade trees and shrubbery of various sorts. A portion of the grounds was converted into a flower garden of great beauty, containing a variety of ornamental plants and flowers.

About a year after my birth we moved into No. 5 of the row of buildings then and still known as Cassel Row, owned by a Mr. Heineman, a German, who named it for that part of his native country whence he came to this country, namely, Hesse-Cassel. The Hessian troops who fought against the American Colonies in the War of the Revolution came from Hesse-Cassel. The site of Cassel Row was formerly occupied by and used as the *Filature* where silk was made by the Colonists of Georgia. This industry was probably the chief business the Colonists were expected to develop and make of lasting utility.

All that I can remember in relation to my life in the house in Cassel Row until my school days began is that my life was about as happy as that of any child with fond and indulgent parents.

Most of the residents in that immediate section were persons of prominence and influence in the community. Mr. William Duncan lived on the northeast corner of Bryan and Abercorn streets, while next to him, on the east, lived Mrs. Burke, widow of Thomas Burke, with her daughter Mrs. Winter and her family. On Bryan street, still farther east, lived Mr. Joseph Bancroft and his family. Mr. Bancroft, in 1848, published a Census of Savannah containing, besides statistics, a considerable amount of historical information and matters of general interest. There are not many copies of this publication now to be seen. Eastward and southward on Warren Square was the residence of Wylly Woodbridge, while opposite and facing it on the west was the fine residence of Mr. Richard Bradley, built by Mr. William B. Giles. This house occupied the whole lot extending from Habersham to Lincoln street. Southwest of that and facing Lincoln street, between St. Julian and Congress, lived Mr. Israel K. Tefft, founder of the Georgia Historical Society. On the western end of that block, facing Reynolds Square, lived Mr. George Schley, then Savannah's Postmaster. On the southeast corner of Congress and Abercorn lived Dr. James Proctor Screven, a man of wealth, rice planter, and Mayor of Savannah. Opposite, on the southwest corner of the same streets, lived Mr. William P. Hunter, prominent citizen and banker. Next to him, on the west, was the house of Mr. Joseph Hallett Burroughs, a leading merchant, whose wife was the daughter of the Hon. John Macpherson Berrien. On the west side of the same square, facing east, was the double house of other members of the Burroughs family: namely, Dr. Henry Kollock, and William H., brothers of Joseph Hallett Burroughs. The Planters Bank was on the western side of the same square, between Bryan and St. Julian streets, and to the rear of it, in the same block, was the Marine Bank, built about the year 1818 as the branch of the United States Bank. Across Drayton

Street, occupying the entire block extending to Bull Street, was the Bank of the State of Georgia, an imposing structure which was torn down not many years since to make way for the Citizens and Southern National Bank.

Opposite Christ Church on Congress street lived three of our best known citizens. First I will mention Judge John C. Nicoll. He was the father of Mrs. C. A. L. Lamar, and was Judge of the United States District Court. He was opposed to Secession, but notwithstanding that fact, was appointed as the Confederate States District Attorney at the suggestion of my father, Judge of the Confederate States District Court. This appointment was made at the death of Mr. Hamilton Couper, who had held that position but had gone to Virginia to serve the South and where he was killed in battle. In the same block lived Mr. George W. Anderson and General Hugh W. Mercer, both of whom served as president of the Planters Bank at different times. The latter entered the service of the Confederate States, faithfully performing the duties of Brigadier General in the Confederate Army.

Passing southward to Broughton street, I mention several names of notable citizens. On that street dwelt Mr. Gazaway B. Lamar and his son, Chas. A. L. Lamar, both highly esteemed and worthy citizens. The father, as a man of means, was active in various commercial enterprises, including banking; the son, interested with his father in business matters, was well known for his activities in connection with horse racing. He was at the head of the Savannah Jockey Club, owning well known horses which were winners of notable races. I well remember seeing him riding through our streets on his famous horse "Black Cloud," both horse and rider presenting a magnificent appearance. The race course over which these races were run was known as the "Ten-Broeck Course." Chas. A. L. Lamar served

in the Confederate Army as Captain and lost his life in an engagement on the bridge at Columbus, Georgia, at the very close of the War.

West of the Lamar house lived two of Savannah's famous lawyers, Judge John M. Berrien and Judge William B. Fleming. The former was, as is well known, a United States Senator, a United States Cabinet Officer, and a lawyer of the highest ability. He died in 1853. I have the recollection of having seen him only once. My father took me to the City Market one Saturday morning and, meeting a gentleman, stopped and had a short chat with him. When the conversation ceased and my father rejoined me, he informed me he had been talking with Judge Berrien. William B. Fleming was Judge of the Superior Court of the Eastern Judicial Circuit of Georgia for a great many years, and a better man never lived.

Still farther east, in the block on the south side of Broughton street, between Abercorn and Lincoln, was the residence of the Mackay family and Dr. William H. Elliott. On the southeast corner of Bull and Broughton lived Dr. Wm. H. Cuyler, whose house, a frame building, stood conspicuously, from my earliest recollection, until it was removed to make place for the department store of A. R. Altmayer who was succeeded by Leopold Adler, the present owner. On the north side of Broughton street, mid-way between Drayton and Bull, stood the commodious frame house owned and occupied by Mr. S. C. Dunning.

At the time of which I am now writing, Broughton street east of Bull was entirely a street of private residences. The stores were then on Congress street. On Broughton, west of Bull, however, there were two drug stores, one kept by Mr. Thomas M. Turner and the other by a Mr. Ryerson. There was also a furniture store kept by Mr. I. W. Morrell. On the southwest corner of Broughton and Barnard was a large stable as far back as I can remember which was destroyed

by fire in the latter part of the fifties. This stable did a large livery and sales business, and in the fire many horses were burned to death, it being impossible to lead them out before the fire reached their stalls. I can well remember visiting the spot the morning after the fire and seeing the bodies of many of these animals, roasted and smelling very much like roast beef.

Just here, while narrating some of my very earliest recollections, I have a distinct remembrance of my father's fondness for reading that humorous book by Judge A. B. Longstreet, "Georgia Scenes." As a young child I heard him speak of the pleasure he derived from the reading of that work and have heard his hearty laughter when he read aloud some of the most amusing portions. Only recently I have been asked whether Judge Longstreet actually had in mind certain places mentioned by him, and I have, from my father's own lips, had the places definitely located. One of these is the church in which Ned Brace, one of the humorous characters, behaved so scandalously through his singing as to nearly break up the services. This was the Methodist church, a frame building situated on the northeast corner of Lincoln and South Broad (now Oglethorpe Avenue), which building is still standing although its appearance is entirely changed by its having been turned into a double tenement house. Again, I have been asked whether a certain boarding house mentioned in "Georgia Scenes" actually existed at that time. I was informed that the author had in mind the house known as the "Mansion House," located on Broughton street on the east side of Whitaker across from the old "Tondee Tavern."

The most interesting fact in connection with "Georgia Scenes" is the one I now relate. It will be remembered that Ned Brace conducted himself most humorously in joining a funeral procession passing along the streets of Savannah. The question has been asked whether Judge Longstreet really had in mind the

funeral of any well known Savannah character when he depicted this scene. Information was given me that the author witnessed a funeral cortege passing along a street and, observing the large number of whites mingling with colored folks in the cortege, asked what was the meaning of the mixed crowd and the extraordinarily large attendance. He received the reply that it was the funeral of a prominent and highly respected negro man by the name of Monday. In an instant he replied with a smile, *"Sic transit gloria mundi!"*

I have made note of the fact that in my infancy my parents moved into No. 5 Cassel Row and that Mr. Tefft lived nearby. A few years after that, Mr. Tefft purchased the lot on the southwest corner of Bull and Jones streets and built a residence, into which he moved and in which he died. About the same time Mr. A. A. Smets built a large house on the northeast corner of those streets and there he lived and died. These two gentlemen were original members of the Georgia Historical Society, the former its real founder and its only corresponding secretary as long as he lived; the latter, for many years, the Society's treasurer. These two gentlemen were very warm friends and had much in common in the way of business and social experience. They were "lovely and pleasant in their lives and in their death they were not divided." Mr. Smets died on the 9th of May, 1862 and Mr. Tefft followed soon after on the 30th of June of the same year.

In connection with the names of Messrs. Tefft and Smets, I deem it well to include that of Mr. Wm. Thorne Williams, another original member of the Georgia Historical Society. He was a book-seller who, in addition to his knowledge of books, had a memory well stored with facts, both historical and literary. From my earliest recollection he lived in the house on the southwest corner of Perry and Barnard streets, which house after his death passed into possession of Mr. Wm. Swoll, an official of the city of Savannah and well

thought of. The house still stands, but not in exactly the same form as I first recall it. Opposite this house, across Barnard street, was the residence of Mr. Gilbert Butler, a well known builder and architect. That house still stands and should be considered a landmark.

Among the publishers well known in Savannah were the firm of Seymour and Williams who published among other books Hugh McCall's "History of Georgia," and John M. Cooper and Co., who got out many local publications of which I have distinct recollection. I did not know Mr. Seymour, who probably died before my birth. I knew Mr. John M. Cooper very well. For some time he was the only member of the book selling establishment bearing his name, but from time to time there were partners in the concern. Besides these two, there were such publishing houses as E. J. Purse and Geo. N. Nichols. The former was the publisher of my father's "Life of Governor George M. Troup" and other books, while the name of the latter frequently appeared on the title pages of volumes put out by his house. The book-store of Mr. Wm. Thorne Williams was on Bay street west of Bull and next to the office of the Savannah Republican. The Cooper store was in what was known as "Waring's Range" on St. Julian and Whitaker streets.

CHAPTER II

It is almost impossible for me to enumerate changes coming within my observation in the affairs and progress of this city of Savannah from my earliest recollection down to the present time.

First, let me mention the matter of the lighting of the city. Well do I remember, though I was scarcely more than an infant, when the first change was made. The streets were then lighted with lamps filled with oil, whale oil, I believe. The lamps were placed on high wooden posts and the lamp lighters carried with them boxes of matches, one of which they struck and applied to each lamp and then adjusted the wick so as to prevent smoking. At this time, of course, there were very few lamps in the city.

About the year 1850 the question of lighting the city with gas was discussed, proposals for the erecting of gas works having then almost reached the decisive point. The company was organized, the laying of pipes, as I well remember, was accomplished, and the city entered into a satisfactory arrangement with the Gas Company for lighting the streets.

The gas works were built on the brow of the hill upon which Savannah is situated, on the spot where the first fortification was erected by the Colonists under General Oglethorpe. On this spot was also erected the fort built by the United States Government, known as Fort Wayne, at the time of the beginning of the War of 1812-15. Although there is no evidence now existing of any fortifications on that place, the spot has always since been known as the "Old Fort," sometimes called Gas House Hill, and elderly citizens, even at this time, when referring to that locality speak of it as the Old Fort District.

Hollow iron posts were raised at the points where the lamps were to be placed, inclosing the gas pipes which reached the top of the post, where the lamp proper was secured. The lamp was within a frame work, looking like a bird cage, with sides of glass, one side acting like a door on hinges, by which means the lamp lighter could get at the tips and apply the match after turning on the gas. This method of lighting the city was observed until the present mode of lighting with electricity was adopted.

Another feature of the city's affairs which has undergone a radical change is the water supply. I do not know anything about the origin of the use of pumps in the squares before the adoption of the supply by means of the waterworks. My first observation of the pump system showed that in each square and, in some instances, at the intersection of the principal streets, pumps were in use.

Near the well, in which a pump was inserted, was a separate cistern of large dimensions, round and deep, into which the surplus water ran after filling utensils. Of course, this did not furnish sufficient water to fill the cisterns, which were made for the purpose of supplying water to the engines of the Fire Department in case of fire. The cisterns were periodically filled by drawing water from the river by means of long lines of hose, and the boys of my childhood always spoke of these machines as "suction-engines." After a fire, the department immediately refilled the cisterns to be ready for the next emergency.

About the time of the introduction of gas into the city, the question of a system of water works was agitated. The City, determining not to depend on any company or individual to supply this want, erected its own plant, and I witnessed the laying of the water pipes as well as the gas pipes. The water system included the building of a reservoir for the distribution

of water through the main pipes. A description of the water tower is given by the Rev. George White in his "Historical Collections of Georgia" as follows: "The plateau upon which the City of Savannah is built has an altitude of about forty feet above the river. Upon this elevation is built the distributing reservoir, having a height of about eighty feet above the general grade of the streets. This structure consists of a circular tower of substantial masonry upon which is placed the reservoir of iron. From this reservoir, having an elevation sufficient for all purposes, the water is distributed throughout the city in the usual manner by means of cast iron pipes, furnished with all necessary fire hydrants, stop-gates, etc. The height to which the water is raised by the pumping engines is one hundred and twenty feet; the distance from the receiving to the distributing reservoir is somewhat more than half a mile."

In recalling matters which came under my earliest observation, I can scarcely keep from smiling when I refer to the officials appointed for the protection of the city from crime committed both by day and night. We then had no body of guardians of the peace, now referred to as policemen. Of course, in the late forties and early fifties, the town, owing to its size, did not require the services of a large force of keepers of the peace. The few men employed for that purpose were called watchmen, or night guards, or patrols. It was really amusing sometimes to observe the efforts made by the superior officer to observe anything like a system of drilling. The matter of relief was done in a most unmilitary style, and the men going out on relief duty were simply told that the time for them to leave the guard house had arrived. Each man went off in an independent way to take the place of his comrade whom he was to relieve, the relieved man making his way back to headquarters where he deposited his

musket and rattle. No such things as clubs were then used. When a watchman was required to make an arrest, he sprang his rattle, and the watchman on the beat nearest to him went to his assistance. Of course, if the prisoner was not obstreperous, there was no occasion for the arresting guard to call for assistance, but it usually happened that two men were required to escort a prisoner to the "lock up" unless the latter was too far intoxicated to make great resistance. The guard house was located on the northeast corner of Whitaker and President streets, and the building stood until very recently when the addition to the Post Office was constructed. It answered the purpose for which it was intended until the Police Barracks were erected on the southwest corner of Habersham street and Oglethorpe Avenue. From time to time, however, it was rented for other purposes, such as by firemen composing the force employed for manning the engines and was for a while the headquarters of the Metropolitan Fire Company, a city organization.

The old guard house had a cupola in which was a bell, rung at nine o'clock every night when the night watch went on duty, and again at seven o'clock in the morning when the duties of the night watch ended. Between these hours negroes were not permitted to roam the streets without a pass from their owners. With the emancipation of the slaves, this custom was abolished. It may seem strange, but it is a fact, nevertheless, that as a child, as soon as I learned to write I sometimes scribbled passes, by permission of my parents, for some of our servants. I do not remember much about the activities of the guardians of the peace during the day at this time of my life, but it is certain that there was no formality connected with the action of the force as very few arrests were made during the hours of daylight.

And now as to matters concerning the fire department. The town was divided into four fire districts. At all times there was a watchman stationed in the steeple of the City Exchange, from which position a fire breaking out in any portion of the city could be easily seen. If the fire was in the first district, the watchman struck the bell once, and after a short pause would ring the bell rapidly, and after a longer pause would repeat the process until he was assured that the fire department was informed of the fire. When the fire was in the second, third or fourth districts, the location was announced by the number of taps before the rapid ringing of the bell. This fire bell is now in the cupola of the fire engine house on Huntingdon and Barnard streets.

The fire engines then were all worked by hand and were manned, with one exception, by negroes who, with the consent of their owners, were formed into companies. In accordance with the city law, they had to appear at their engine houses promptly on the sounding of the alarm. In order to stimulate the men to make a prompt response, a reward of one dollar was given to the first man who appeared at his engine house and fifty cents to the second. It was interesting to note how eager the men were to earn the reward. Sometimes it was a difficult matter to determine who was the winner. Although these negroes were required by law to perform this duty, they took as much pride in their membership as their white owners did in their connection with the military companies of the city. Each engine company had a white foreman, and some of the best citizens of Savannah held these positions. On the last Friday in May there was an annual contest between the companies to ascertain which engine could be made to throw water to the greatest distance and the rivalry between the companies was something to

be admired. A prize was offered to the body making the best record, usually in the form of a banquet to the whole force of men manning the winning engine. These banquets were held in the evening in the engine house. Each company had its own peculiar uniform which was worn at the annual parade and contest. The men were allowed to decorate their engines, and these decorations were of such a nature as sometimes to produce a startling effect.

FIRST BUILDING OF GEORGIA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

CHAPTER III

IN LOOKING backward, it is hard for me to realize that I am living in the same city upon which I opened my eyes more than fourscore years ago, a city now, but at that time an incorporated organization classed only as a town. Its growth seems wonderful to me, and as I recall the edifices then known as Public Buildings, and compare the present structures occupying the same sites, I can scarcely believe I am living in the same old Savannah.

The headquarters of the city government were in what was then known as the City Exchange, a building erected by a joint stock company in the year 1799. The City Council acquired a certain amount of stock in this company and finally purchased all of the building, thus becoming the sole owners. At the time of my birth, the Post Office occupied a portion of the ground floor, which was so used until the completion of the Custom House in 1850 when it was moved to rooms in the basement of that building. It is not known where the first Custom House, established in 1763, stood. In 1789 it occupied a portion of a building known as Commerce Row, west of the Exchange. Afterwards it was on Bryan street between Bull and Drayton, erected by the United States government, but upon the destruction of this building by fire, the Government sold the lot to the Georgia Historical Society where the Society's first building was erected.

Other rooms in the first story of the Exchange were rented out as offices. The second floor was used for the purposes of the city government, the largest room, known as the "Long Room" was the Council Chamber. In the steeple a watchman, as I have already pointed out, was always on duty. In addition to watching for

fires, from nine o'clock in the evening until six o'clock in the morning, as every hour was struck by the clock, the watchman was required to call out in a loud voice the hour struck, adding to his cry, "And all's well." I sometimes failed to catch the cry of the watchman after the stroke of the bell and, boy-like, believed he had fallen asleep. The Exchange was torn down in the year 1904 to make room for the substantial City Hall which now graces the spot.

The only hotel Savannah could then boast of was the Pulaski House, a hostelry in which many persons of note were from time to time entertained. I can remember seeing that remarkable midget, Tom Thumb, getting out of his little carriage in front of this house during his exhibition on a visit to the city, and I suppose he was entertained there. I also remember seeing at this same place the celebrated Seminole Indian Chief, Billy Bowlegs. The latter was followed by a large crowd of the curious. Before my time, the noted English actor, William C. Macready, put up at this hotel, and in his diary he mentions the incident of his stopping there, giving a not flattering account of its proprietor. He also made some very adverse remarks on duelling, called forth by the fact made known to him that a duel between two members of the Savannah Bar was being fought that day. He also made the statement that the night before he "played Hamlet indifferently."

There were famous characters in the city during my childhood whose names were familiar to the boys of the city. We never tired of conversing about them and even sought opportunities to meet them on the street and watch them with eyes of admiration. Among such was a man whose true name I never did learn. He was the driver of the omnibus which conveyed guests from the railroads and steamboats to the Pulaski House and back again. He was known as "Shakespeare." It was our delight to see him on the driver's

seat of the bus handling the whip and reins gracefully and effectually, especially when he, as he sometimes did, drove a team of four horses. He was a tall, well built specimen of humanity, with a long black beard. How he got the name of Shakespeare I do not know, but the boys never failed to observe him and boast of his skillful management of his horses whenever they had the opportunity.

In later years, two other hotels were erected, one on Broughton street, called the Marshall House (now the Geiger Hotel), and the Screven House, on the southeast corner of Bull and Congress streets, where the Hotel Savannah now stands.

In addition to the hotels already mentioned, there was a well kept and extensively patronized one situated on Bay street a short distance east of Whitaker, kept by an Irishman named Pierce Condon. He was noted as a fine caterer and did his own marketing. Many times have I seen him pushing a large cart which he daily took to market and conveyed therein back to his hotel for his guests the choicest viands the market afforded.

One of the finest structures in the city in those days was the building, of red brick, facing Johnson Square, erected for the Bank of the State of Georgia and occupied by that corporation until the close of the War of Secession. Mr. Anthony Porter was President of this bank. He lived in his own house on the northwest corner of Bull and State streets, which site was later occupied for many years by Van Keuren's jewelry store. Mr. I. K. Tefft was cashier of this bank. In the rear of the bank, within an artistic iron inclosure, was a well laid out garden of old fashioned flowers in regularly shaped plots, bordered with box plants of luxurious growth. Within the railing near the line of St. Julian, Drayton and Bryan streets grew several orange trees annually bearing an abundant crop of fruit. There was also a tree known as the African Soap

Tree, remaining there until the building of the Southern Bank after the War between the States which occupied the old garden site.

In writing about domestic customs, I deem it proper to say something concerning the provisions made for the lighting of our residences. While it was not customary in all families to make candles for home use, it was the rule in country houses to do so. In our city home it was occasionally done. It is useless to go into a description of how candles were made, but it is well to mention the materials used. Tallow was in general use, but sometimes bees-wax served the purpose, also a combination of tallow and bees-wax. To my mind the best material was a wax obtained from bayberries, the plant known in this vicinity as sweet myrtle. The berries were placed in boiling water; when the wax became separated from the berries it was poured into iron candle molds. During the War of 1861-65 candles so made were very common throughout the South.

Other methods of lighting were used at various times during my boyhood. We had whale oil, which was known and sold as lamp oil and was used in lamps of glass and metal. In our house only metal lamps were employed at this time.

Again, at a later period, there was an oil known as camphene, but I do not know just how it was made. Its smell, however, was more like turpentine than anything else with which I can compare it. The dictionaries define it as a rectified oil of turpentine. Still later kerosene came into use, but that was not long before the outbreak of the War of Secession, and even then its use was not general.

Another thing in the way of domestic utensils, which we do not now see, was the case made for holding table knives, called the "knife case." It was made of mahogany, and the knives were then called "case knives," so called, I believe, because they were kept in a case. The knives were shoved into slits made in

the boards across the case, handles upright, just where the top of the case came down and was fastened. The top had hinges at the back by means of which it was raised or lowered. This article of furniture was handsomely designed and made a good display on the sideboard. The board through which the knives were thrust was covered with green baize.

The table knives were usually placed in a wooden tray when they were to be cleaned. This was taken by the servant whose duty it was to do the cleaning to some place in the kitchen where that work was done. Of course, that was in the time of slavery and the servant employed in this way had to be very careful to get the knives in a shining condition. What was known as a knife board was commonly used, and the knives were cleaned on this board with the use of what was known as Bristol-brick, a soft substance which could readily be scraped off in a powdered condition.

CHAPTER IV

THIS CHAPTER will be devoted to some account of the churches of the city as they were in my early life, especially those that came under my observation and made a deep impression upon me.

Christ Church, the earliest organized in the colony of Georgia, stood where it now stands and where it has always stood—on Johnson Square. The history of this church need not here be recorded, but the present building, erected in 1839 and the third to be built by that congregation, has been remodeled several times. The first Rector of that church whom I recollect was the Rt. Rev. Stephen Elliott, who at the same time held the exalted position of first Bishop of the Espicopal Church in Georgia. The story of his life is too well known for me to repeat it here, but, like everyone else, I never looked upon him without scrutinizing him closely on account of his commanding figure and benignant and handsome countenance. The picture of him, hanging in the library of the Georgia Historical Society, is a perfect likeness and is admired by all strangers visiting that building. He was President of the Georgia Historical Society when I first became connected with it, but died suddenly on the 21st of December, 1866. He had for his assistant during the latter part of his life the Rev. Mr. Charles Coley. The Rt. Rev. John W. Beckwith succeeded Bishop Elliott as Bishop of the Georgia Diocese and he, in turn, was succeeded by Bishop C. K. Nelson.

St. John's Episcopal Church originally stood on the south side of South Broad street (Oglethorpe Avenue), west of Barnard. I have no recollection of this church, but I do recall when the present building on Madison Square was erected although I was a very small child

at the time. At the time this church was erected, Mr. Chas. Green built his house on the opposite side of Macon street which was the residence of General Sherman when he took possession of Savannah in 1864 and is now owned by Mrs. P. W. Meldrim. The Rev. Rufus M. White was the first Rector of St. John's. After him came the Rev. G. H. Clarke, who was followed by the Rev. C. F. McRae.

There was also another church organized as an offshoot of St. John's and, according to my recollection, it was called St. Luke's. However, I am told that there are members of St. John's now living who say it was called St. Paul's. The congregation erected a fine building, although small, on the lot west of Calhoun Square, facing Wesley Monumental Church. Its only Rector was the Rev. John T. Pryse. The building was destroyed by fire the night that Savannah was evacuated, December 20th, 1864.

There was a small brick church, stuccoed, which stood on the west side of Oglethorpe Square, facing the Owens (now Thomas) house, built and worshipped in by a congregation of Unitarians. The pulpit was occupied by the Rev. Chas. A. Farley. Dr. Richard Arnold was one of the main contributors. It did not thrive as there were very few Unitarians in Savannah, and the pastor's salary must have been small. Mr. Farley could not live on it and therefore opened a school. He was, I believe, well fitted to teach the youth of Savannah. The building was sold to a congregation of colored Episcopalians who moved it on rollers from its old location to the lot bounded by Harris, Habersham, Macon and Lincoln streets, where it now stands and is known as St. Stephen's Church.

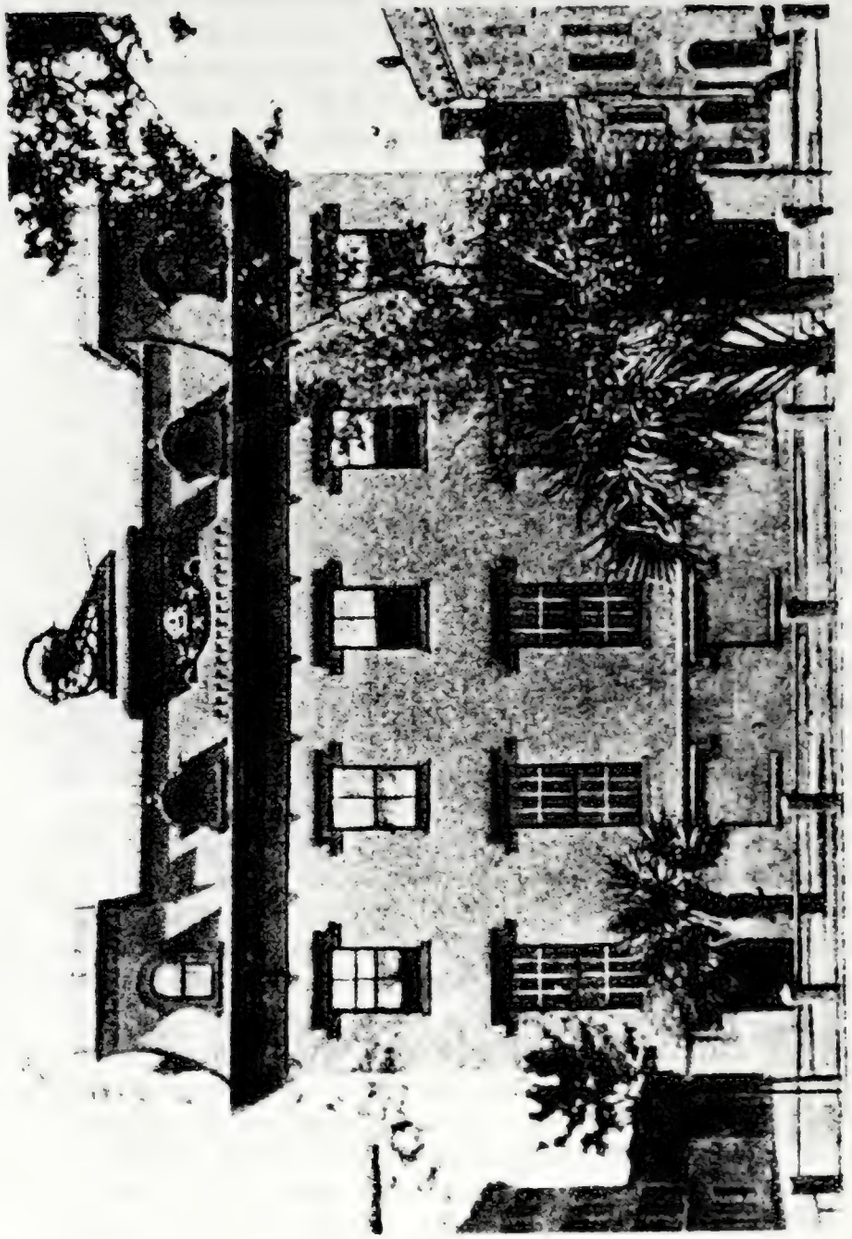
The original building of the First Baptist Church was located on Franklin Square and was abandoned long before my time. A second church was erected on Chippewa Square where it has stood for a great many years. Like Christ Church, this edifice has undergone

a great many changes within my recollection. The pastor of this church for a time was the Rev. Thomas Rambaut, who also occasionally filled the pulpit of the First Presbyterian Church, of which my father was an elder. I heard him, I believe, nearly every time he preached for us. He had a very loud voice, and it gave me a feeling of distress whenever I heard him.

The Second Baptist Church, a large frame building, was located on the southwest corner of Bull and York streets and was used for religious purposes for a long time after my birth. It was originally erected by the Unitarian Congregation who, finding it too large for the number of worshippers attending, sold it to the Baptists and worshipped in Armory Hall until they were in a condition to build a second time. The Baptists eventually sold it to the Savannah Volunteer Guards and have occupied different quarters from time to time.

The Savannah Volunteer Guards used the building as an armory until it was destroyed by fire. Afterwards, they purchased the old State Arsenal, standing on the western portion of the lot where the Post Office now stands, the eastern portion of the lot being the residence of Dr. P. M. Kollock, facing Wright Square. The buildings on this large trust lot were completely destroyed by fire in 1889. After that, the Guards purchased the site of the old Savannah Female Orphan Asylum on the southeast corner of Bull and Charlton streets, the Asylum moving into the house built by Augustus P. Wetter on the southeast corner of West Broad street and Oglethorpe Avenue. This house still stands. The lot on which it was erected was the property of Thomas Telfair, who was an ancestor of Augustus Wetter's wife. Mr. Wetter was a German architect of very handsome appearance and served with honor on the Confederate side in the War between the States.

The ministers of the Baptist persuasion whom I remember during my early life were the Rev. J. O. Wyer and the Rev. J. P. Tustin. The latter was a man



ARMORY HALL

interested in historical matters and was an active and zealous member of the Georgia Historical Society. He wrote for Sprague's "Annals of the American Pulpit" a very interesting and accurate sketch of the most famous negro preacher of Savannah, the Rev. Andrew Marshall, for many years pastor of the First African Baptist Church.

The First Presbyterian Church, organized in 1827, originally worshipped in what was known as Lyceum Hall on the southwest corner of Bull and Broughton streets. This congregation moved into their first building, west on Broughton street between Barnard and Jefferson, in 1837, worshipping there until the erection of their Sunday School building on Monterey Square in 1856. The church auditorium on that same square was completed in 1872. The Rev. John B. Ross was minister of this church at the time of my birth and was in charge for a number of years afterwards. He was succeeded by the Rev. David H. Porter.

The Rev. Willard Preston was the first pastor of the Independent Presbyterian Church whom I knew. He was succeeded by Dr. I. S. K. Axson who served the church for many years and was beloved by the people of Savannah of all denominations. As is the case in all churches, the pastors since that time are too numerous for me to mention.

I now write very briefly of the Lutheran Church. The Lutheran Church of the Ascension still stands where it was originally built on Wright Square long before my birth. The first pastor I remember was the Rev. A. J. Karn, who, in addition to his regular work with his flock, kindly undertook pastoral duty among our congregation. He was extremely thoughtful and helpful to our family on the occasion of my sister's death by Yellow Fever in August, 1854. There was a feeling of cordiality existing between this congregation and the First Presbyterian Church, which still exists.

While there was only one Lutheran church in the city in my early boyhood, a German Lutheran church was founded later on. They built a small house of worship on the western end of the lot on which the Sunday School building of Wesley Monumental church now stands. The building was octagonal in shape, of one story, and had at the entrance, facing Drayton street, a tower of no considerable height, making the building look somewhat like a coffee pot, the tower resembling the spout. The building was sometimes humorously alluded to as "The Dutch Coffee Pot." I do not know who was the pastor, but the church did not thrive and was used during the War between the States as an arsenal. It was damaged by fire and the ruins were removed not very long afterwards.

Of the Methodist church, the ministers changed so frequently I find it difficut to name them as I did not see enough of them to have had their personalities impressed upon my mind. I do remember (how far back I do not know) that Godly man, the Rev. A. M. Wynn. Trinity Methodist Episcopal church was built during my childhood. I can barely remember seeing it during its course of construction. The first time I entered it was to listen to a eulogy on the life of the Hon. Robert Milledge Charlton, a prominent lawyer of Savannah, delivered by my father at the request of the Savannah Bar Association, the trustees of the church kindly tendering the use of the building for that purpose. Up to the time of the building of Trinity Church, the only building dedicated to the services of that faith was located on Oglethorpe Avenue and Lincoln street called, I believe, Wesley Chapel.

Reminded of the allusion made in a preceding paragraph to the arsenal, I cannot refrain from mentioning here a fact which, although seemingly out of place, I consider to be of sufficient interest to warrant the insertion. In the year 1831 the State of Georgia received from the City of Savannah title to the western

portion of the lot on which the Post Office now stands for the erection by the State of an arsenal. The building was put up and known and used as the Georgia State Arsenal. Here the militia of Savannah assembled periodically on "Muster Days" for drill, and citizens of Savannah who did not belong to some volunteer military company were required to present themselves for drill on the designated days. Of course, persons drilled so irregularly never presented a military appearance. When these drills were held, the boys and girls of the city were on hand to make fun of the men in the ranks. It was a source of great amusement to us and we delighted whenever a "Muster Day" came around. The accoutrements kept for the use of the militia were never in good order. It was quite a sight to see the militiamen as they appeared with belts, shoulder-straps, cartridge boxes and firearms with many misfits. The Arsenal was used by the Confederate Government during the War of Secession, and many of the muskets, which at that time were of the old flint and steel type, were converted for use with percussion caps. Some time after the War, the property was disposed of by the State, purchased by the Savannah Volunteer Guards who demolished the old building and erected a handsome armory. This armory was destroyed in the great fire of April, 1889.

The only Roman Catholic Church in the city at the time of my boyhood stood on the east side of Drayton street between McDonough and Perry streets. On the rear of this lot, facing Abercorn street, was built a Roman Catholic school, known as the Cathedral School. It afterwards became a part of the Savannah Public School system, and recently was turned into a non-denominational school although still controlled by the Board of Public Education. In my boyhood the Principal was Mr. Rossignol, a scholar of considerable learning and ability, well equipped as a teacher of Greek and Latin. When I first knew the school Mr. Rossignol's

assistant was Mr. M. A. O'Brien who died at an advanced age. Mr. O'Brien, like Mr. Rossignol, was well fitted for his duties and had the esteem and respect of all who knew him.

There was but one Synagogue in Savannah in my youthful days, known as Mickve Israel, standing on the northeast corner of Liberty and Whitaker streets. The congregation worshipped there until the time of their building a new Temple on Monterey Square, bounded by Bull, Wayne, Drayton and Gordon streets. Among the worshippers in this Synagogue were the descendants of the first Israelites in the Colony of Georgia who arrived shortly after Oglethorpe and his band, some of whom still attend there. Others, among whom were the families of Solomon and Octavus Cohen, came from South Carolina, and their descendants are prominent in the management of the affairs of the Synagogue.

The only negro church of which I can say anything of my own knowledge during slavery times was known as the First African Baptist Church on Franklin Square. The pastor was the venerable and highly esteemed Andrew Marshall, already mentioned, who was literally worshipped by his congregation and had the confidence and respect of all the white people of Savannah.

The statement is made somewhere that the Savannah Port Society was organized in 1843. What I have to say here concerning the religious welfare of the sailors coming into this port concerns only my recollection of the building erected for this purpose. Mr. Joseph Bancroft, in his census of Savannah printed in 1848, says the building known as the Penfield Mariners' Church cost $7,000.00. It was erected in 1831 at the expense of Mr. Josiah Penfield who contributed liberally to the cause of religious education. Besides the gift of the church, dedicated to the care and mental improvement of sea-faring men, he willed a considerable amount to Mercer University. The building in

question stood on a lot on Bay street, a little west of Lincoln. As I remember, it was a good specimen of ecclesiastical architecture. I do not know who designed it, but in my boyhood days I never failed to look up whenever I passed the church to admire the ship in full sail on the facade above the main entrance. I was never able to ascertain of what material the ship was made. It could hardly have been of plaster as the sails were all too thin. I used to wish that should I live until that model of naval architecture was removed, I would like to obtain possession of it or, at least, have the privilege of closely inspecting it. The building was sold when the new Seamen's Bethel and Home was erected on Lincoln, St. Julian and Congress streets. In 1847 the Port Society of Savannah held a meeting when a Confession of Faith was adopted for the reception of sailors into church membership. In the account of the meeting preceding the adoption of the Confession of Faith, it was stated its purpose was to establish a church for seamen who had never connected themselves previously with any religious organization. At that time the Rev. Mr. Hutchins was chaplain of the Bethel. This looks as if there had been no regular church organization down to 1847, although the church building had been in existence for sixteen years.

CHAPTER V

THE CONCLUDING remarks in the foregoing chapter on matters pertaining to the care of the spiritual interests of sea-faring men prompt me to tell of the vessels plying between Savannah and other ports. Of course, I can only say what came within my knowledge in my early youth. Before I was four years old, I knew nothing of traffic by water, but from that time I saw much in the way of the arrival and departure of vessels of all sizes and types.

In 1848 there was only one steamship line plying between Savannah and New York. At first there was only one steamship operated on this run, the "Cherokee." Although we now have steamships which are real palaces, the "Cherokee" was considered a thing of beauty and it was believed her cost was something enormous. I do not remember whether I saw her at the time of her first trip to Savannah, but I must have as the whole city was in a state of excitement and everybody was talking of the new, magnificent vessel. Numbers of persons visited the ship, and I recollect it was with great joy that I received the information that my father would take the entire family to look her over. Exactly when this was I do not recall. I had never seen such a sight before and I was intensely interested during the time spent on board. A sister ship, the "Tennessee" was added to the line within a short time.

To persons living at the time of this writing, it is hardly conceivable that in those distant days there were so many vessels, both steam and sailing, plying between this and other ports.

Between Savannah and New York a line of sailing vessels called the "Old Established Line" plied, employ-

ing one ship, one barque and four brigs. Another, called the "Brig Line" consisted of two barques and three brigs. There was also the "New Line" with two barques, two brigs and one schooner. On the "Savannah and Philadelphia Line" there were four schooners. The "Commercial Line" ran two brigs between Savannah and New Orleans. "The Savannah and Boston Line" ran one barque and one brig. The "Savannah and Charleston Line" ran four steamboats, stopping both ways at Hilton Head. There were three steamboats runninig the inside route from Savannah to Palatka, Florida, via Darien, Brunswick, St. Mary's, Jacksonville, Black Creek and Picolata.

Between Savannah and Augusta there were several lines of steamboats owned by separate companies with their own agents in both cities. One line ran four boats; another two. The "Iron Steamboat Company" operated three boats on this run, the "Lamar" and the "Randolph" of iron and the "A. Sibley" of wood. Besides these, there were five steamboats not belonging to any regular line, one of which was used for towing, etc., another used as a tender, and two running on the route to Macon.

In the foregoing account of the shipping business of Savannah, I have said things of only a pleasant nature. I now feel it my duty to mention one or two matters in this connection which are of a different sort. First, let me say that the treatment of sailors while in port was not such as to commend itself to the kindly feelings of a Christian and philanthropic people. Savannah was, I suppose, like all other ports at that time in this particular matter. I refer to the custom then in vogue of sending sailor boarding house runners aboard every incoming vessel to solicit the seamen's patronage. While I have no personal knowledge of this, it was common talk for a long period that the custom was carried out in a most disgraceful manner. It was said that some of the houses were conducted in a disrepu-

table manner, that the seamen were cruelly treated, that they were made drunk by the keepers, and then robbed, and that they were generally in a most deplorable condition when they left port. It seems that all efforts to break up this nefarious custom were utter failures until the time the Port Society took the matter in hand and finally succeeded in raising the means to build a suitable and proper home for seamen.

Let it be understood that in those days it was considered almost criminal to compel sailors to sleep aboard their vessels during summer months for fear of being infected with malaria or yellow fever. Sailors did not remain on the water after dark with the single exception that watchmen were kept on board, being relieved of duty at short intervals. Another thing that I, as a child, truly abhorred, was the matter of intemperance among the seamen. The most disgusting sight to me was to see these men in numbers lying in the squares nearest the water front in a state of insobriety —some too far gone to be noisy, others in a hilarious condition; all of them acting more like swine than human beings. It is probable that many of them were taken to the guard house and locked up, but it seemed to me that the law, if there were a stringent law on the subject, was not faithfully complied with.

CHAPTER VI

UNTIL THE time of the beginning of the War of Secession, the matter of drainage did not receive the attention it deserved. There were no paved streets, and sewers were hardly known. The streets after a heavy rain were flooded with water. As it was considered unhealthy to let the water remain on the ground in pools any length of time, the Department of Streets and Lanes, after a down pour, sent laborers with ploughs to run furrows through the center of the streets to drain off the water. Frequently the boys of the city would follow the ploughs, wading in the water in the furrows until the work came to an end. The first sewer I can remember was one leading from the fountain in Forsyth Park some distance southward, turning eastward to a point outside the city limits through the section usually called the City Common.

In those days there was no such thing as house drainage. Bath rooms were unknown and movable bath tubs were the only ones used. They were usually of the hat-shaped kind, and were put in the middle of the floor of the bedroom and water was brought up in buckets to fill them. Of course it was inconvenient to carry water upstairs to enable a person to have a warm bath, especially when the water was heated in the kitchen. There were no conveniences for sanitation in dwellings, but apartments in out-houses were used for this purpose, no regard being paid to matters of sanitation as we have them now. Periodically the Board of Health attended to the disposing of unsanitary matter. We then had no thoroughly organized Department of Health, but citizens of different wards voluntarily acted as inspectors, making their reports to the proper officer at the Exchange. The newspaper

having the contract for the city printing published weekly the report of the Health Inspectors, such reports being put into the proper form and generally included a list of deaths during the week with the name of the disease which proved fatal. There were included at times in these reports statements as to health conditions existing in the city.

In those days bathing in the Savannah River was positively prohibited, but boys would sometimes steal away from home and disregard the law by bathing in places not coming within the observation of the guardians of the peace. There were places, however, where boys could swim without molestation, such as the Ogeechee Canal, Musgrove Creek, and a body of water called "The Blue Waters." These were on the western side of the city beyond the limits. On the eastern side there was also bathing beyond the site of A. N. Miller's foundry in what was then known as Bilbo Canal.

Speaking of the Ogeechee Canal, this was used by colored people of the Baptist persuasion for their baptisms. This canal was at one time a public utility of much importance. All along its course from the Ogeechee River to Savannah business of considerable volume and value was conducted. Much timber, in the way of rafts, was brought down on it and conveyed to the saw mills on the Savannah river. Chief among these saw mills was that of Giles and Bradley, doing an enormous business. Of course, produce of all kinds was conveyed to the city on the canal and distributed to the business houses, especially those in the vicinity of the market.

This canal was chartered under the name of the Savannah, Ogeechee and Altamaha Canal, but was never constructed southward beyond the Ogeechee river.

CHATHAM ACADEMY

CHAPTER VII

IN THIS chapter I propose to say something on the matter of education, with special reference to the teachers under whose guidance I received my instruction.

The Chatham Academy, of course, is the oldest corporation of its kind organized in Savannah. It was chartered in 1788 by the Legislature of Georgia, not long after the founding of the Augusta Academy which has the honor of being the oldest chartered educational institution in the State. I have no personal knowledge of the instructors of Chatham Academy until I reached the age when my father considered it time for me to be taught Latin and Greek. However, from others I have learned much concerning teachers who were well known in their time. I believe that the most prominent among them, according to my estimate, was the Rev. George White, author of "Historical Collections of Georgia" and "Statistics of the State of Georgia." The former was published in 1854 and the latter in 1849. During the time he served as Principal of Chatham Academy he had an able corps of assistants, among whom I have heard specially mentioned the name of Henry Kollock Preston, son of Rev. Willard Preston, pastor of the Independent Presbyterian Church for a long time.

My first teacher was Miss Elizabeth Church, an educator of ability. I do not know when she began to teach. She was the niece of Mr. Isaiah Davenport, builder of the Davenport house still standing on the northwest corner of State and Habersham streets. He was also the builder of the structure until recently a land mark on Tybee Island, Martello Tower. This tower was erected for purposes of defense during the

War of 1812-15 by the United States Government. Mr. Davenport was the contractor. By way of parenthesis, let me say here that during the excavation for the foundation of this building, fossil bones of a whale were found and taken away by Mr. Davenport. One vertebra remained in the possession of his family for many years and was presented by his son, Archibald C. Davenport, to the Georgia Historical Society. Another section of the vertebra was given to Miss Church, and used by her as a stand for the water bucket in her school from the time I entered it until I left. I do not know what finally became of it.

Miss Church was well equipped for her vocation and not only thoroughly enjoyed it, but gave entire satisfaction to her patrons. I do not know the date of the opening of her school, but I understand she was engaged in teaching for at least four years before I became a pupil in 1849. Her school was a one story frame building on the northwest corner of Broughton and Abercorn streets. It stood there until a number of years after the War between the States when it was removed and a stable erected on the lot by Luke Carson. The site is now occupied by the Odeon theatre. Miss Church taught boys of this city who afterwards became prominent as professional men and merchants. I have never heard anything said of her except in the way of commendation and praise.

In 1854 the Massie School was erected by the city in compliance with the will of Peter Massie who left a fund for the building of a public school. Mr. Bernard Mallon was the first principal. He had under him several teachers, all females, who ably assisted him in his work. I entered this school when it first opened as it was my father's opinion it was time for me to begin a course of classical instruction. I shall never forget the protest made by Miss Church against my removal from her school when she stated she did not believe I was of the right age for the promotion.

Among the teachers under Mr. Mallon was a Mrs. Gamwell, a Northern woman, whom I shall never cease to remember with the highest regard and esteem. She was truly kind and attentive to me and, I believe gave me more attention than anybody else in her class. She was a reader to whom I always delighted to listen, and I cannot forget the pleasure I received in hearing her read passages from our school reader. She remained South during the whole period of the War, but I believe she was not in sympathy with the Southern cause.

I finished the course laid down in the curriculum of the Massie School and entered Chatham Academy, I think, in 1859. Here I must say something about the building of this old institution. It seems that the interests of two historical associations were combined in the erection of the edifice on the large tract of land bounded by Oglethorpe Avenue, Drayton, Hull and Bull streets. These two associations were the Trustees of Chatham Academy and the Union Society, the latter being the governing body of Bethesda Orphan Home. The eastern portion of the building was intended and used for educational purposes by the Trustees of the Academy, and the western portion to be rented by the Union Society to add to their income. On the western side, as far back as I can remember, was a building known as the Pavilion House, a large structure which, although not so called, was really a hotel. It was leased and managed as long as I knew it by a Mr. Wm. P. Clark who vacated it only when, by an arrangement between the two associations, that portion of the building was added to the Academy for school purposes.

When I entered Chatham Academy, Mr. Wm. S. Bogart was principal, and under him were Mr. Thos. G. Pond, teacher of mathematics, and Dr. Nathaniel A. Pratt, teacher of natural philosophy. All of these gentlemen were well fitted for their work.

I here wish to pay tribute to Mr. Bogart. He was a graduate of Nassau Hall, Princeton College, now Princeton University. His father, Peter Bogart was, I believe, either its bursar or some similar officer. After graduation the son taught school in Portsmouth, Virginia. His health was not too sound and he made his way farther south to Raleigh, North Carolina. I have heard him say one of his pupils in Raleigh was a youth named Gatling, afterwards the inventor of the machine gun named for him. Still lacking the robustness he so ardently desired, Mr. Bogart made his way still farther south and became principal of an academy in a village four miles south of Tallahassee, Florida. He built this academy up to a very prosperous state, young people of the best families of the state being among his pupils. As a small boy I met Mr. Bogart on one of the annual visits of our family to my grandparents. During our visits two of my sisters, older than myself, attended this school. On one of our visits it was learned that the position of Principal of Chatham Academy was vacant, and my father, recognizing Mr. Bogart's ability, got in touch with Bishop Stephen Elliott of the Episcopal Diocese of Georgia. They jointly recommended him for the position. Their efforts were successful and Mr. Bogart moved to Savannah, where he taught from the early fifties until about the year 1890.

He was a bright scholar and a man of pleasing manners and of a humorous turn of mind. I was one of his pupils just before the commencement of the War of Secession and, with many others in the Academy, became warmly attached to him. In later years, after I became the Librarian of the Georgia Historical Society and he Treasurer, the intercourse between us was both friendly and confidential. He frequently told his pupils it was a mistake to think they could fill their brains with knowledge so they would overflow, like water running over the rim of a bucket—the brain could never be completely filled. I heard him say once,

when invited to take a toddy, that it was his rule never to take a drink unless he was sick or had a reasonable expectation of being sick, and his conscience, then, prompted him to believe he was in the latter condition.

There are not many incidents connected with my school life which I deem worthy of recording, but at this point it may be well to touch upon certain impressions made upon my mind as a school-boy. An ambitious child will surely draw the attention of others who may be seeking to get the benefit of the knowledge of one whose ambition is helped by research. I was early encouraged to acquaint myself with the history of my native state, and my compositions were generally on this subject. Again, in certain of my studies I wanted to learn all that it was possible to acquire in as short a time as possible. The consequence of this was that frequently in school permission was granted to a school-mate to come to my desk to ask a question about the next lesson. One day a friend named Burroughs obtained permission to move over to my side to discuss a question with me, but after getting what he desired, he lingered at the desk and, for want of a more interesting topic to talk over, suggested the origin of family names and asserted that mine meant the habitat of rabbits or hares, insisting that the abode of the hare was a den. I denied that rabbits lived in dens, and when he inquired of me where they made their homes, I promptly replied, " in *burrows*." This retort, of course, produced an explosion of laughter, and we were both reprimanded for making a noise, with added punishment of demerits for bad conduct. After school was dismissed my teacher called me to the platform and asked me why I had departed from my usual quietness during school hours. Upon hearing the story, he said it was so good he would cancel the demerits.

While a school-boy, another matter which excited my ambitious inclinations was the invention of the magnetic telegraph by Morse. The invention was made

during my infancy and, as soon as I was old enough to understand how wonderful it was, it became one of the greatest desires of my life to become a telegraph operator. Always believing in the truth, as expressed by Hamlet, that, "There's a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will," I feel my ambitions have been fufilled in more ways than I have mentioned. In every case, the height of my ambition has been achieved, although until fulfillment I never had the faintest hope my desires would be granted. But they were granted, and without any special effort on my part. My love for Georgia history resulted in my long career in connection with the library of the Georgia Historical Society, now over sixty-seven years, and my wish to become a telegraph operator was granted when I became a member of the Signal Corps of the Confederate Army.

CHAPTER VIII

MEMORY brings back to me so many things apparently worth relating that it is a hard matter to decide what to tell and what to leave out. Memory is wonderful. It is strange that so many people I meet cannot go back as far by a great deal as I can. I am sure it is a faculty inherited among others. My father had, I believe, as perfect a memory as anyone I ever knew. I often wondered how he could remember so many interesting facts as he recounted them to me during his lifetime.

In the matter of domestic slavery I can never forget things which to a child seemed wonderful and yet, to my readers, may seem tame and of little moment. I shall venture, however, to relate something which I take it for granted will be considered worth while.

I saw in my youthful days much of the lives of slaves owned by my grandparents as well as by my mother and father, uncles and aunts. My paternal grandmother owned a plantation of many acres in Bryan county, just across the Ogeechee River. My grandfather died when my father was only seven years old. My grandmother was a woman of fine business qualities and managed her property, including many negroes, with great ability and tactfulness. These negroes were treated with kindness and had the very best attention given them. Many of their children were my companions and playmates when I visited my grandmother.

There was one characteristic of the negro, certainly during slavery time, that was hard to correct—the matter of theft. Almost all slaves would steal if they thought they would not be detected. In many instances, however, they would try to make it appear that what

they took they had a right to. For example, I have often heard the younger negroes among the domestics say, when detected in a theft, "I nebber teef 'em. I tek 'em." The inference was that they thought, as members of the household, they had a right to the purloined article.

My maternal grandparents, Colonel and Mrs. John J. Maxwell, moved from Bryan county to Florida, as I have already stated, when I was four years old. I had the same experience in the matter of slavery in Florida as I had in Bryan county. About four years ago I made a visit to their old plantation near Tallahassee, my first visit there in sixty odd years. I met an old negro woman who had been born on the plantation. She was more than four score years of age and told me some interesting things, corroborating every thing that I held in my memory. She also possessed the faculty of remembering.

Of course I recollect more concerning the life among the slaves of my father's household in Savannah. I will relate here an amusing incident that occurred during my boyhood. My mother owned a negro woman of a religious turn of mind and a member of the Baptist church in Savannah. She also belonged to a society known as the Macedonian Society. It was the custom of that body to give a supper once a month at the home of one of its members. Permission of the owner of the slave giving the entertainment was never withheld. When it came the time for Matilda, the slave in question, to entertain the society, my mother gave the necessary permission after consulting my father. He made this remark, "Yes, give them the room for the banquet, but be sure that the chicken house is locked, because the cry of these Macedonians may not be the same as that extended to St. Paul: 'Come over and help us,' but will probably be, 'Come over and help yourselves to what you find'."

Matilda was one of the best cooks I ever knew, and was known as such among all our relations and friends. Although she was far above the average of her class in intelligence and good behavior, she was, like all of her race, superstitious and a firm believer in the ability of some persons among the negroes to take the place of physicians in the cure of certain diseases common among them. She, with the rest of her people, believed that some negro men had the ability to prescribe, in certain cases, concoctions of a curative nature surpassing medicine prescribed by the most skilled among white men of the medical profession. To show how thoroughly convinced they were of this, I will now relate an incident of a rather amusing character. Matilda had a child named Annie who, when she was a few days old, was seized with an attack of tetanus, or infant lock-jaw. Our physician was called in and, although he believed the child to be beyond the help of medical treatment, determined to use as an experiment turpentine, which was then considered almost a specific in such cases. The mother, however, had heard that her people believed a tea made of boiled cock-roaches was almost certain to be effective, and insisted that the child be so treated. It was decided that her wish should be gratified, but without the knowledge of the attending physician. I assisted in the hunt for cock-roaches with other children of the family, and we fortunately succeeded in catching a sufficient number to answer the purpose. The tea was made and given to the child at regular intervals, and strange to say, she recovered completely. Our doctor, however, published an article in the Oglethorpe Medical and Surgical Journal describing the case and attributing the cure to the effects of turpentine. Matilda, however, always believed that the child was cured through the use of the cock-roach tea. Our physician was never informed of the tea.

In connection with the foregoing, I here mention the fact that some of the negroes actually prescribed for their companions who thoroughly believed in their ability to make cures. As evidence of this, I make the statement that my maternal grandmother owned a negro man named Sandy who was believed by the other negroes on the plantation to be a doctor and was known among them as Dr. Rabbit.

At home I had a companion in the person of a negro boy named Joseph, just my age, and a truer friend I never had. This boyhood playmate of mine died under distressing circumstances. While he was in some respects a youth of fine qualities, he was, of course, uneducated, and made mistakes and blunders common to his race. Some of these were exceedingly humorous, only one of which I will mention here. My father sent him one evening to the house of a friend in Savannah whom he desired to see on business, requesting that he call at our house as soon after supper as possible. Joseph (my friend) came back with the information that Mr. B. was not at home. It was afterwards ascertained that Mr. B. had gone to hear a lecture by a gentleman of note, and when my father asked Joseph if he had learned where Mr. B. was, he replied, "I dunno, suh, ware, but he gone to hear one wite man talk."

The first time I ever heard the tune of the familiar old words, "Mary had a little lamb" was when a negro boy on my uncle's plantation in Bryan county played it on a rudely constructed set of "Pipes of Pan."

In those days, free negroes were always designated, in legal documents, as "free persons of color," and even in the old city directories, you will still find after the name of one of them, the letters f. p. c. Some of these negroes did considerable business, making large sums of money. I will mention one well known case. A negro woman named Aspasia Mirault kept a bakery and confectionery for many years at the northeast corner of Bull and Broughton streets. She was highly respected and conducted herself in a manner which would have done credit to some of our white citizens. She sold delicious ice-cream of the most popular flavors and her business was well patronized by the white people. Her husband, Simon Mirault, kept another establishment on the western side of Broughton street near Whitaker.

"Free persons of color," despite the fact that they were free, had to be represented in a legal way by white guardians. They had the privilege of selecting their guardians, of whom they always spoke as "gardeens." If they accepted the responsibility, the "gardeens" were considered by their wards as something above common "poor white trash." My father was the guardian of a good old negro woman named Hannah Pray. Whenever he had to call on her for the settlement of some business matter, he always took some of his children with him. We were glad to go because the old woman had something good to eat put away for us. She owned the house she lived in. In the yard she had fig trees and some peach trees, and when their fruit was in season, we were permitted to eat some.

I will now say something concerning the difference in the manner of speaking between the negroes of the sea coast and those up-country. Even to children this difference in speech was, in slavery times, perceptible. I noticed this whenever members of our family living in the interior visited us, bringing with them the colored nurses of their young children. The talk of these up-country negroes always seemed odd to me and, like the other children in the family, I found it hard to understand them. Writers attempt to quote the sea coast negroes' dialect, but unless they get their information from those who either knew the darky in slavery times or copied from other writers, they invariably get the sea coast dialect entirely wrong. Of all the writers on the subject of the language of colored

folks, I know of no one to compare with Col. Charles C. Jones. In his book, "Negro Myths from the Georgia Coast" he gives with perfect accuracy the stories of Uncle Remus and others in the dialect of the Georgia coast negro.

Many years ago I visited St. Catherine's Island, on the Georgia Coast, then owned by Mr. Jacob Waldburg. While there I made a study of the speech of some of the negroes who probably seldom or never left the island during the course of their lives. Here is a story concerning an old man who seemed not to know any difference between slavery and freedom. A party of us one evening sat on the piazza of the old homestead singing and playing on musical instruments when our music attracted the attention of quite a number of the colored folks. They sat on the grass listening to music such as they had probably never heard before. After a while there was an interlude, and during the conversation the subject of ghosts came up. One of the party, a young lady, begged that they cease talking about the matter, saying she had no patience to listen to the discussion of such a foolish subject. From the crowd of negroes an old man lifted up his voice and said, "Nummine, Miss Clifford, wen you talk dat away. You bettuh mine. Gosses might ketch yuh, cause him duh foller yuh and suttenly kin ketch yuh ef 'e duh haf try." Whereupon Miss Clifford said, "Daddy Sam, do you believe in ghosts?" He replied, "I sholy dus." The young lady then inquired why he believed and if he had ever seen one. The old negro answered promptly, "I nebber yent see 'em, but I smell the heatness ub 'em." The meaning of this was that in passing over a marshy place, as the evening came on, he probably had walked over a spot in which the atmosphere was warmer and damper than that surrounding the spot, and he attributed this to some supernatural cause.

Another story of a darky I cannot refrain from telling in this connection. My grandfather Maxwell, shortly after his removal to Florida in 1848, was compelled to return to Savannah to close up some of his business affairs. He came in his carriage driven by his negro man, Agrippa, for there was no railroad then. This old darky, while he was civil and polite, was fond of using long words and would frequently indulge in oratorical displays, stringing words together in meaningless order and confusion. He was very pompous, especially when he wanted to display his eloquence before the fellow servants. The afternoon before he was to return to his master's new home, he was overheard bidding farewell to his co-laborers. He remarked he had failed to see some of his former companions, but left a message for them. "Tell um all good-bye fer me, and give um all a few words of all needful politics and jurisdictions."

CHAPTER IX

SAVANNAH for a great many years was afflicted periodically with that dreadful scourge, Yellow Fever. From my earliest infancy, I had heard and read of the disastrous epidemics of 1802 and 1820. My first actual experience was in 1854 when the disease made its appearance in August. I was then not yet ten years old. Among the first cases was my little sister, Eliza Jane, just six years old. She died and her body was taken to Bryan county and buried at Belfast, the place of my mother's birth. There also lie buried the remains of my mother's ancestors for a long time back, beginning with her great-grandmother and great-grandfather, James and Mary Maxwell, who came to Georgia and settled in St. Philip's Parish, now Bryan county, calling their place Belfast. They, and their sons and daughters, owned many plantations in that part of Bryan county now known as Bryan Neck, the narrow strip of land bounded on the north by the Ogeechee river and on the south by the Midway river, both emptying into St. Catherine's Sound. They were Scotch-Irish people, and all their plantations had Irish names, such as Belfast, Tipperary, Kilkenny, Limerick, Waterford, Milford, and Dublin, the last now known as Richmond.

The Yellow Fever epidemic of 1854 was most disastrous, taking the lives of many citizens including persons in the highest ranks of society. Many of our friends and relatives died during this period.

Among the prominent physicians was Dr. Richard D. Arnold, a most learned man and very successful in his practice. He always took the stand that the Yellow Fever was not contagious, but he was almost alone among his profession in Savannah in this belief. He

himself escaped, but many of his calling lost their lives. Among these was Dr. Wildman, who had not been a resident of Savannah for any length of time but who had had much experience in the treatment of the disease elsewhere. He worked faithfully and effectually for some time, but finally was attacked by the malady and succumbed. I remember his name was frequently mentioned in the newspapers which came to my grandmother's place in Bryan county where we remained after the burial of my sister until the epidemic was stopped late in the autumn of 1854.

At this time burials in Savannah were in the Old Cemetery on South Broad street. I remember attending a number of funerals there and cannot forget how they were conducted. The cemetery being within the city limits, no carriages were used and the followers of the hearse walked to the grave. The keeper of the cemetery, then known as the City Sexton, was Mr. Burrill Lathrop. I do not remember much about him, but in comparatively recent years I have heard his son, a noted Baptist preacher, expound the Word of God from pulpits in this city on many occasions.

This old cemetery is an historic spot. At the time of which I now write, it was surrounded by a thick wall with entrances on both Abercorn and South Broad streets. The gates were of wrought iron of ornamental design and made an imposing appearance. It is a matter of regret that these gates were not preserved when the wall was removed.

Within this inclosure many distinguished persons were buried, many of whom have never been removed. When Laurel Grove cemetery was opened, burials in the Old Cemetery were forbidden and it was also ordered that as far as possible the remains of all persons interred there should be removed elsewhere. Of course, it was not possible to comply completely with this regulation.

The remains of Sir Patrick Houstoun, the Jones family (now DeRenne) and others were removed, but there still remain the bodies of such notable characters as James Habersham, for a time Governor of the Colony of Georgia; Major John Berrien of the Revolution and many of his family; the Wallaces; the Clays including Joseph Clay of Revolutionary fame; General Lachlan McIntosh; Dennis Cottineau, an officer under John Paul Jones; Major Edward White, also of the Revolution; Charles Odingsell; Hugh McCall, historian of Georgia; and Edward Malbone, the noted artist and painter of miniatures.

General Nathanael Greene was buried in the Old Cemetery and, strange to say, his grave was forgotten for one hundred and fourteen years. It was not discovered until 1900 through the efforts of the Legislature of the State of Rhode Island and the Rhode Island Society of the Cincinnatti, headed by Col. Asa Bird Gardner. His remains were removed and deposited in a box in the vault of one of the city banks until 1902 when they were re-interred under the Nathanael Greene monument in Johnson Square. There were impressive ceremonies, attended by all living members of the Greene family who could gather here, together with members of the Rhode Island Legislature and the Rhode Island Society of the Cincinnatti. It is a singular fact that the remains of General Samuel Elbert, one of the two Georgia generals in the Revolutionary Army, were lost also for many years. They have been recently discovered and only a few years since interred in the Old Cemetery, special permission having been procured from the City Council.

Another interesting incident is the fact that the body of Archibald Bulloch was buried in this ancient cemetery. He was a member of the Continental Congress and Governor of the Province of Georgia at the in-

ception of the Revolutionary War, dying in the year 1777. He was placed in a vault over which was a superstructure of marble without any inscription. This vault was the source of much discussion for a long time because in the superstructure was a block of stone bearing on four sides the emblem of a snake in the form of a circle. The structure was known generally as the "Serpent Monument," and a poem was written with that title and published in one of our city papers not long before the death of Mr. William H. Bulloch. Mr. Bulloch was for many years a proprietor of the *Savannah Georgian,* Clerk of the Superior Court of Chatham County and Clerk of the Commissioners of Chatham County. When commenting on the poem, he told me that the monument belonged to the Bulloch family. Recently a descendant of Archibald Bulloch, Miss Emma Bulloch, placed a tablet upon the monument identifying it. Archibald Bulloch, in addition to the offices he held, was President of the Council of Safety of Georgia while he held the office of Governor.

I can remember when burials began to be made in Laurel Grove Cemetery after interments were forbidden in the Old Cemetery, now known as the Colonial Cemetery. In 1853 the Hon. Richard Wayne, then Mayor of Savannah, proclaimed the closing of the old cemetery, although the ordinance setting apart a portion of Springfield plantation for use as a new burying ground was passed in the previous year. This new cemetery was called Laurel Grove.

The old Jewish cemetery, which is a place of great interest, was abandoned at the same time as the old South Broad street cemetery, and a tract of land adjoining Laurel Grove was designated as a place for Jewish interments. The only funeral I attended in the old Jewish cemetery was that of Judge Mordecai

Sheftall, when the Savannah Bar marched behind the hearse. As a small boy, I was taken by my father, holding his hand.

The Cathedral Cemetery, or Roman Catholic burying ground, was opened in August, 1853.

The history of Bonaventure Cemetery has been given so frequently and its purchase by the city is so well known it is not necessary for me to say much concerning it. As the residence of the Mullryne and Tattnall families, the plantation known as Bonaventure included within its boundaries the private burying ground of these families. At a much later period a portion of that tract of land was acquired by the Evergreen Cemetery Company, which corporation divided it into lots of the required dimensions, selling them to stock holders of the company and to others. Finally it was bought by the city and is now, like Laurel Grove, property of the Municipal Government. Among the noted persons buried there are Sir Patrick Houstoun and members of his family. His tomb has, I believe, the only coat of arms appearing on any tomb in this section of Georgia.

There were two cemeteries which I can very distinctly remember but of which I have not seen any description in publications relating to our city. One was the "Strangers' Cemetery," frequently referred to as the "Potter's Field," and the other was the negro cemetery. They were both, I presume, owned by the city, and had fallen almost entirely into disuse as far back as I can remember, although I distinctly recall that several burials in them were on lots facing Abercorn street running westward. The Potter's Field was the one farther north and extended from Taylor street as far south as the lot on which the Massie School was built. The negro cemetery began a little farther south of that, extending as far as Huntingdon street. There were no streets laid out in that section of the city then,

and houses were not built there until later. Even as late as 1851 I used to go through these burial grounds with my bow and arrow shooting sparrows and other small birds. I do not recall if I ever saw a tombstone in either of these cemeteries, but the grave mounds were numerous, those of the negroes being plainly indicated by the ornaments laid upon them, such as are always found on graves of that race.

CHAPTER X

SAVANNAH has had her full share of notable characters. I write not only of characters personally known to me, but also of those known to relations and friends of mine from whom I gained the information herein set down.

Dr. William A. Caruthers was one of the city's leading physicians with a considerable practice, but was even better known as a writer. He was a Virginian. About the time of the organization of the Georgia Historical Society in 1839 he was highly esteemed both professionally and as a litterateur, and naturally was one of the original members of that organization. His best known work was "The Knights of the Golden Horse Shoe." This appeared serially in 1841 and 1842 in the "Magnolia," published at that time in Savannah, although during its short career it was published in other places. It afterwards appeared in book form, passing through several editions. Dr. Caruthers died in the upper part of Georgia in 1850.

The next important character whom I shall mention is a man who lived to a ripe old age and whom I knew very well for many years. That was Dr. William Coffee Daniell who, in addition to his professional career, was Mayor of Savannah for two terms, 1824 and 1825, when General Lafayette made his visit to this city in March of the latter year. Dr. Daniell gave up the practice of medicine many years before his death and was a successful rice planter on the Savannah river. During his active years he wrote a brochure, "Autumnal Fevers in Savannah" which was well received and made him favorably known everywhere. He was a very close friend of Governor George M. Troup who was known as the "States Rights Governor," with whom he carried

on an extensive correspondence. Dr. Daniell gave my father numerous letters from Governor Troup which were freely used by him in his life of that noted Governor. I still have many of these letters in my possession. My father, as stated elsewhere, was Judge of the District Court of the Confederate States during the whole period of the War of Secession, and Dr. Daniell held under him the position of Receiver of Sequestration, having charge of the confiscated estates of northern alien enemies. I am happy to say Dr. Daniell was a friend of mine and to him I was indebted for many acts of courtesy and good will.

Next I mention Dr. Cosmo P. Richardsone, whom I knew during my childhood, but whose death occurred before I reached the age of manhood. He was, besides being a physician with many patients, one of the best loved Commanders of the Savannah Volunteer Guards for a considerable period.

At the time of my birth, Dr. Joseph Clay Habersham was one of Savannah's most popular doctors. He died during my childhood, but I have a very distinct recollection of his benevolent countenance and courtly manners. He was a friend of children as well as of grown people.

Dr. Phineas Miller Kollock was another well known member of the medical fraternity. Also there was Dr. William Gaston Bulloch who, in addition to his general practice as a physician, was a skilled surgeon.

I must not fail to mention Dr. William H. Cuyler who owned and occupied the imposing frame building on the southeast corner of Bull and Broughton streets, the lot now occupied by the Adler Department store. Dr. Cuyler was a man of honor and held, among other positions, that of Judge of the Inferior Court of Chatham County.

The first physician of our family whom I well remember was Dr. Joseph Clay Habersham, already mentioned. After his death, Dr. Harvey L. Byrd be-

came our family doctor. He was a man of fine qualities. He founded here the Oglethorpe Medical College in opposition to the old Savannah Medical College headed by Dr. Arnold. These two men were never on friendly terms, although I do not believe there was ever any great amount of enmity between them. Dr. Byrd insisted upon my father's accepting the position of President of the Board of Trustees of the Oglethorpe Medical College and in presenting the diplomas to the members of the first graduating class, my father made a brief address in Latin, a language he knew thoroughly. He enjoyed during his whole life the classical writings in that language. Dr. Byrd accepted the position of surgeon in the Confederate Army, and then the Oglethorpe Medical College ceased operations. Dr. Joseph Clay Habersham, Jr., son of the gentleman already mentioned, was another physician of note who served in the Confederate Army as surgeon. At the close of the War he entered upon an extensive practice and for years held the position of Health Officer of Savannah.

In addition to the Habersham family, the Waring family was well known among the medical profession in this city. The first Dr. William R. Waring was a leader in his profession before my birth. His two sons, Dr. William R. Waring, Jr., and Dr. James J. Waring, were known practitioners until up to a very recent date.

Of Dr. Richard Wayne I know nothing except by hearsay, but he was among the best physicians of his time. His descendants, although not of the same profession, are with us yet and have reason to be proud of the record of their ancestor.

It is not my purpose to give the names of all the medical men whom I have known and admired, but among them let me mention a few with whom I was well acquainted who are no longer living. These were Drs. Chas. W. and James J. West, Dr. J. G. Thomas, Dr. Juriah Harriss, Dr. James S. Sullivan, Dr. R. J.

Nunn, Dr. William Duncan, Drs. Thomas J. Charlton, Senior and Junior, Dr. William H. Elliott, and Dr. William M. Charters. Dr. Montague Boyd was a bright and shining light cut down in the midst of a most useful career. If I have failed to mention some others whose names deserve a place in this record, it is solely because it is impossible to include everyone who came within my knowledge as worthy objects.

I hardly know where to begin a record of the leading men in the legal profession. It seems to me that after what I have already said concerning Judge John M. Berrien, the next person to be mentioned is the Hon. Matthew Hall McAllister. He was a man of great legal talent and ability, his reputation well established before the date of my birth. Indeed, I can hardly say I knew him as he left Savannah in 1850 when I was only six years old. He was one of the original members of the Georgia Historical Society and one of its first Vice-Presidents from 1841 until he left Savannah. I have heard so much of him it seems as if I knew him well. His ability was so marked that he was appointed Judge of the United States Court of California. He lived in the house still standing next to the northwest corner of Barnard street and Oglethorpe Avenue. He was the father of Ward McAllister who, at a much later time, became famous for his leadership of society in New York city, making himself almost universally known as author of the phrase "The Four Hundred," the number of families who should really be, in his opinion, of the highest class socially.

Next let me mention the Hon. James Moore Wayne, for many years a resident of this city and a prominent member of the Savannah Bar Association. A native of Savannah, he stood high as a politician even before he was elevated to the bench. He was a member of the Georgia General Assembly and Mayor of Savannah. He practiced his profession in partnership with Mr. Richard R. Cuyler. Mr. Cuyler became the second

President of the Central of Georgia Railway Company, succeeding its first President, the Hon. William Washington Gordon. Judge Wayne was for a time Judge of the Superior Court of the Eastern Judicial District of Georgia and also of the United States District Court, resigning to take his seat in Congress as a member from the First Congressional District of Georgia. He was a Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States for many years until his death in 1867. He was an original member of the Georgia Historical Society and succeeded Judge Berrien as President in February, 1854.

Judge Robert Milledge Charlton was another of Savannah's leading lawyers. He was the son of another bright and shining light of the Savannah Bar, the Hon. T. U. P. Charlton.

The Hon. John Elliott Ward, another noted lawyer, was born in Liberty County and practiced in Savannah, holding many offices of trust until he was appointed the first United States Minister to China by President Buchanan, serving in that capacity until the appointment of his successor under President Lincoln. After the War between the States, he practiced law in the city of New York, his partner being Col. Charles Colcock Jones who had been a partner of Mr. Ward in Savannah before the latter's removal to China. Their firm was known as Ward, Jackson and Jones. The Hon. Henry R. Jackson was the second named in the firm. Colonel Jones was a lawyer of marked ability. Both he and Mr. Ward served as Mayor of this city.

General Henry R. Jackson, mentioned above, was at one time Judge of the Superior Court, a Colonel of Georgia troops in the Mexican War, Minister to Austria from 1853 to 1858, a General in the Confederate Army and President of the Georgia Historical Society from 1874 until his death in 1898. He was also Minister to Mexico during the administration of President Grover Cleveland. Besides being a member of the firm of

Ward, Jackson and Jones, he was, later on, the leading member of the firm of Jackson, Lawton and Basinger.

I first knew General Alexander R. Lawton when I was a small child, at which time he was my father's partner, the firm being Harden and Lawton. He was a graduate of West Point, served as lieutenant in the United States Army for a short time, and was connected with the military of Savannah for many years. He was apointed Minister to Austria by President Cleveland and served for several years. He was a Brigadier General in the Confederate Army in the district embracing Savannah during the first years of the War. Later he became Quartermaster General of the Confederacy and was severely wounded at the Battle of Sharpsburg.

Among the members of the Savannah Bar of great ability, literary talent and learning, I must not fail to mention Judge Wm. Law, whose record as an upright, honorable and learned Judge is not surpassed by any man at any time connected with the legal fraternity of this city or state; and Hon. Wm. H. Stiles, lawyer and Minister to Austria, 1848-49.

I have purposely left for the last name in this account of Savannah's lawyers that of the Hon. Joseph W. Jackson who, prominent not only as a lawyer but as a statesman and military man, must not be passed over. He was universally called Colonel Jackson, unquestionably because of the position he held among the military notables of this section. He was Colonel of the First Regiment of Georgia Volunteers and an officer of the Savannah Volunteer Guards. He served in Congress from this district. I did not know him at the time he was my father's partner in the practice of law, but I have frequently heard the latter speak of Colonel Jackson as his particular friend and quondam partner. Of course the Colonel was the senior partner of the firm. He was the son of General James Jackson,

a distinguished soldier of the Revolution. Colonel Jackson's career was most unfortunately cut short while he was still in the midst of his activities by that dreadful scourge, Yellow Fever, in the year 1854.

I wish it could be possible for me to name all of the prominent lawyers whose reputations were such as to warrant recording them here, but not only would it be an almost endless task but it would require several volumes the size of this to tell the whole story. This also applies to the physicians prominent in Savannah's history.

CHAPTER XI

As I progress in the writing of these memoirs, I am constantly reminded of changes in the appearance of the different sections of the city familiar to me from earliest childhood until I scarcely know what to mention next. I shall now mention the changes that have been made along the river front and the approaches to the river from Bay street.

When Oglethorpe landed here in 1733, he began the building of the settlement at the top of the high bluff on which the city stands. It is impossible to conjecture just what improvements began to be made along these lines. In my boyhood, the slips leading to the river from East Broad, Abercorn, Drayton, Bull, Whitaker, Barnard and West Broad streets were not evenly walled on the front and sides. The so called walls were crudely constructed of bricks and cobblestones, and even in places boards were used. The roadways declining from the top of the bluff to the wharves below were unpaved, and drays constantly going down to the river and up again were often stalled in the heavy sand. In certain places there was a stratum of sand so white as to attract the attention of the pedestrians. It was a common thing for the negro cooks to gather quantities of sand in buckets which was dried and sprinkled on the board floors of the kitchens. The floors so covered with sand presented a clean appearance. This custom was carried on to such an extent that the City Council passed an ordinance forbidding the removal of sand from these slips.

The paving of the roadways and the construction of walls on the front and sides of these slips were not systematically attended to until the early fifties when a contract was made with one Michael Cash to do the

work thoroughly and in a substantial manner. I do not know just when Mr. Cash began to carry out his contract, but reports of the Mayors for the years 1852, 1853 and 1854 show that the work was progressing in a satisfactory manner. From these reports we learn that the structures were known as "sustaining walls." The work must have been finished by the year 1855 as near the top of the wall on the eastern side at the foot of Abercorn street is a small white marble tablet with these words engraved thereon, "M. Cash, 1855." My recollection is not so accurate as to warrant my giving that date as of my own knowledge, but I can say I saw the work progressing and have no doubt the date is correct.

The slip giving access to the river on Drayton street was open as far back as I can recollect until the time of the organization of the present Cotton Exchange. By an act of the Legislature, the City was authorized to devote the space from the north side of Bay street to River street to the construction of a building to be used by the Cotton Exchange upon condition that the building be erected in such a manner that the space between the roadway underneath and the level of the street be unobstructed so that pedestrians and vehicles could freely pass under the structure.

CHAPTER XII

I SHALL now mention several subjects in a brief manner. In the Census of the City of Savannah compiled by Mr. Joseph Bancroft, the population of the city in the year 1848 was given as 13,513. It seems marvelous to me that I have seen the place of my birth grow from a small town of less than fourteen thousand to a city of nearly a hundred thousand inhabitants. It is even more marvelous to contemplate the fact that I can remember the time when there were very few buildings south of Charlton street. The city has grown almost miraculously within the period I can recall.

Let me say something concerning the places of amusement which were used during my boyhood. The Savannah Theatre was erected in 1818 and still stands to this day, facing Chippewa Square. It was the principal amusement place during my boyhood. Next came Armory Hall, the home and armory of the Chatham Artillery. There was a spacious hall above the basements for entertainment. This building was recently demolished when the addition to the Post Office was erected.

On the south side of Bryan street, not far east of Drayton, was Oglethorpe Hall, long used as a place of amusement. I witnessed a number of shows in this hall and attended numerous fairs.

During my boyhood I frequently heard Lyceum Hall mentioned. I have no recollection of this building, although it must have stood until I was a lad of good size. It was located at the southwest corner of Bull and Broughton streets. It was demolished to make place for the building now standing on that spot, erected by the Telfairs and Mr. William B. Hodgson, and was known for some years as the Hodgson Build-

ing. Lyceum Hall, as its name indicates, was used as a lecture room together with amusements of all kinds.

St. Andrew's Hall was on the southwest corner of Broughton and Jefferson streets. I think it was erected through the efforts of the St. Andrew's Society of Savannah, but was not long known by its original name. It was sold to a German athletic association known as the Turn-Verein and was called Turner's Hall. Later on it was sold and is now used as a furniture store.

Although a military establishment does not apparently bear any connection with amusements, the foregoing prompts me to mention the founding of the military station known as the Oglethorpe Barracks. I have known the Barracks to be used at least once for amusement purposes. I have no recollection of the actual erection of this building for the housing of United States troops, nor do I know why the War Department selected Savannah as a place for such an establishment. In my childhood it attracted my attention frequently, and I was always anxious to get inside and see what was going on beyond the sally-port. My curiosity was satisfied once when the ladies of prominent families gave, by permission of the War Department, a fair within the inclosure for some charitable purpose. My mother was connected with this fair, and I had an interesting experience lasting for several hours. I especially remember I had a quantity of good things to eat. The Barracks served its purpose for a long time. When it was abandoned, the city took possession of it and used it as headquarters of the Municipal Police Department. At the beginning of the War of Secession it was turned into a Barracks again and so used until the end of the War when the city took it over again.

At a much later period the Ford Dramatic Association entertained the citizens of Savannah with frequent performances of excellent quality. The plays were mostly comedies, and some of the actors were so gifted as to draw crowds to witness their performances.

I do not remember how long this organization lasted nor when they ceased activities. A few of the actors became so well known that they secured positions with stock companies of good reputation. I remember one of these, James Neill, who acquired some fame and held his deserved reputation for several years. This company rented the upper story on the eastern side of the Waring block and turned it into a veritable theatre, calling it the Ford Theatre.

From time to time other places were used as halls for entertainments of various kinds. For a short time a music house was located in the second story of the Hodgson Building. Here a number of pianos were kept on sale together with other musical instruments. There was so much unoccupied space that a portion was occasionally used for concerts, etc. My chief recollection of this place, however, centers around the delivery of two most interesting and instructive lectures given under the auspices of the Georgia Historical Society by Commodore Matthew Fontaine Maury, first of the United States Navy and later serving in the navy of the Confederate States. These lectures were well attended, and the society was congratulated upon securing the services of so eminent a man of science and learning. Captain Maury, I remember, mentioned modestly the fact that the first proposal for the establishment of a Weather Bureau for the forecasting of weather conditions to be distributed by means of the magnetic telegraph was made by him before the War of Secession. He was an authority on the winds, waves, etc., of the ocean, and published a book, "The Physical Geography of the Sea," so delightfully written as to engage the complete attention of any reader beginning its perusal.

CHAPTER XIII

I WONDER whether many of my readers will be as much interested in my recital of musical affairs in Savannah within my recollection as I am in recalling them to my memory as I grow older day by day. I was born of a musical family. I have been told frequently, and this I say without any boasting, that I could sing before I began to talk. Whether my voice has ever been of character to be commended is not for me to say, but I know this, that I have always been fond of singing and fonder still of listening to good vocal and instrumental music.

The following incident occurred before my birth, but is deserving of record. Lowell Mason, the noted composer of sacred music, lived in Savannah for a time, and during his residence was interested in Sunday School work as well as the musical activities of his time. I cannot say just when he came to Savannah, but until the founding of the First Presbyterian Church, he lead the music of the Independent Church and was its organist. In the year 1827 he left this church and was active in founding the First Presbyterian Church. He remained in Savannah only a short time after this event, but his interest in the city continued as long as he lived. I think it is undoubted that he was the first man in this country to receive from a college the degree of Doctor of Music. He composed the music of Bishop Heber's stirring missionary hymn, "From Greenland's Icy Mountains" during his residence in Savannah.

The Coburn family deserve a place in this record. The first of this family to become prominent was Mr. Moses Coburn. He was not only an instructor of the piano, but also a trainer of voices to a certain degree. My mother before her marriage received training from

Mr. Coburn both in singing and playing. Her voice always seemed heavenly to me and her touch on the piano soft and gentle. She had the knack of making the piano conform with her voice, and the coupling of the two made for remarkable sweetness. Mr. Coburn also taught two of my sisters. His two sons were also fine musicians. His grandchildren still live and are proof in themselves that music is a hereditary gift.

In my early years there were a number of music houses and teachers of music in Savannah. Mr. G. B. Mitchell was an instructor of various instruments as well as selling them. The largest music house was kept by a Mr. F. Zogbaum whose career began before my birth and did not end until after the War of Secession. His establishment was on Market Square from Bryan to St. Julian streets. A peculiarity of his was that he could not bend his elbows, his arms being rigid from shoulder to wrist. It was said that in eating he had to use a special kind of spoon, knife and fork. Mr. Speisseger kept another music house and was, I am sure, organist of Christ Church for a time.

Just here let me mention Adelina Patti. On her tour of the United States she visited Savannah when my father and oldest sister heard her with delight and always boasted of that fact. While I did not hear her myself, I had the pleasure of hearing her sister, Carlotta, several times.

As a child, I was fond of the melodious songs of Stephen C. Foster which then were, if possible, even more popular than they now are. I can never forget when I first heard "Sewanee River," considered his best. It happened this way: in the early fifties a severe storm swept over Savannah and our house was unroofed. We sought shelter in the house of the Rev. Samuel J. Cassels, Principal of Chatham Academy, on the eastern end of the building on Drayton street, where he kept boarders. Living there at that time was a Mr. N. K. Barnum (nephew of N. B. Knapp for whom

he was named) who had brought his bride there from the north. She was a sweet singer and among the songs delightfully rendered by her was "Sewanee River." I was completely entranced by her singing. Mr. Barnum kept a large hat store and Mr. Knapp, his uncle, was a successful saddle and harness merchant.

Of all the skillful musicians, I believe I was more charmed by the flute playing of Mr. William Neyle Habersham than by any other. Mr. Habersham, though not a professional, deserves a place among musicians of the greatest skill. He lived a long life, and down to the time of his death, his services were called for in concerts given in our city. As evidence of his reputation as a flutist, I quote here what the poet Longfellow wrote of him in a letter describing his life in the famous Craigie House in Cambridge, Mass.

> "She (Mrs. Craigie) finally consented to my taking the rooms on the condition that the door leading into the back entry should be locked on the outside. Young Habersham, of Savannah, a friend of Mrs. Craigie, occupied at that time the other front chamber. He was a skillful performer on the flute. Like piping birds, he took wing for the rice fields of the south when the cold weather came, and I remained alone with the widow in the castle."

Besides Mr. Habersham there were other gifted flutists. I frequently heard two. One was Colonel Chas. H. Olmstead who, although seldom appearing in concerts as soloist, belonged to the Mozart Club. The other was Mr. Ephraim Ehrlich, a skilled performer but not given to making himself prominent in concert work. Another instrumental performer of some note was a Mr. Maas, player of the violin-cello and instructor, who appeared frequently in concert with Mr. Felix Lessing, an instructor and performer of the piano.

Now for a few remarks concerning members of the choirs of our churches. In the Independent Presbyterian Church there appeared not long before the Secession movement a young woman, a Miss Thomas, who had a voice rich in sweetness and well regulated, although without much cultivation. She married a Presbyterian minister named Cleveland, brother of President Cleveland, and after the War was soprano in Christ Church, her voice showing marked improvement. Another singer who charmed her hearers was Miss Lucy Sorrel. She was in the choir of the Independent Presbyterian Church until her marriage with Daniel Stewart Elliott. He had a fine bass voice and frequently sang in the choir with Miss Sorrel. He was the grandson of United States Senator John Elliott of Liberty County.

I fear I may leave out some who deserve a place in this record, but I venture to name some at the risk of failing to recollect others. I now mention Mr. S. W. Gleason, Mr. P. H. Ward, Dr. Johnson, Mr. J. H. Newman, all known for the rich quality of their voices. There were also two members of the Blois family worthy of mention. Mrs. Blois herself not only had a sweet voice, but used it on all occasions for the benefit of funds for charities.

In the course of my recollection of events embracing a musical record of Savannah, I have heard local talent as worthy of mention, in my opinion, as any professional talent. I have heard oratorios such as "Creation" and "The Messiah" rendered by Savannah voices as perfectly as by the best singers heard anywhere. I suppose my pride in my native city may account for this apparently broad statement.

I wish to make special note of one matter of a musical character I cannot omit while writing upon this subject. For a long time I have wondered why Savannah has not produced more performers on the harp than have come within my knowledge. The harp is one of the

sweetest instruments known and has played a prominent part in the history of the world. The only harpist in Savannah within my recollection was Mrs. Dominick A. O'Byrne whose playing shall ever remain in my memory as a musical treat never to be forgotten.

Savannah has had several musical associations that gave creditable performances. I do not propose to give a list of them, but shall mention two, both bearing the name of the Mozart Club. The first was organized during my childhood but came to an end during the period immediately before the War of Secession. After the War a second Mozart Club was organized of which I was a member for many years and attended nearly all of its many public performances. As a flutist, I was asked to become a member of the orchestra, but preferred to sit with my friends and listen.

Here I wish to say a few words as to my own instruction in music. Being musically inclined, I began in my early youth to study all books of musical instruction I could find, and in this way I acquired some knowledge of the subjects of harmony and melody, but without a teacher I labored under great disadvantages. For two successive seasons a German named Kemmerer visited Savannah and opened a school of music which I together with many others attended. This man gave us some knowledge with the aid of a blackboard on which exercises were written. After a rather short period of instruction, he selected a number of his best pupils and coached them for singing in a grand concert which wound up his short session. This grand concert was largely attended by the families of the children singing in it. My favorite instrument was the flute, and with the knowledge gained from my own studies coupled with Mr. Kemmerer's instruction, I taught myself to play with some measure of success.

I have been fortunate in my life in hearing some of the most noted musicians of the world. I have heard operas and oratorios given by famous performers. I

have heard Brignoli in such operas as "Don Pasquale" and "The Barber of Seville." He had a remarkable voice and during his career ranked, I should say, almost as high as Caruso. However, as an actor he was a complete failure. I heard him a number of times and was always charmed. Towards the close of his life he traveled as a concert singer, singing with Miss Isabel McCullough to whom he was married.

After the War of Secession I heard various operas given by troupes of distinction, among them Grau's German Opera troupe. This company played delightfully such operas as Gounod's "Faust" and Mozart's "Don Giovanni" and "The Magic Flute." I heard other companies sing "Martha," "Il Trovatore," "La Somnambula," "Lucia di Lammermoor" and other classical operas.

In Grau's Opera Company was a basso, named Weinlich, who sang the part of Mephistopheles in "Faust." One Sunday evening while the troupe was performing here, Mr. Ehrlich invited some of the members of the company to meet him and some of Savannah's talented musicians at his house for a musical evening. I felt myself fortunate in being invited. I heard some of the most delightful music I ever listened to. The performers were all gifted men. Professor Lessing played the piano, Professor Maas the violincello, Weinlich the bass viol, Mr. Ehrlich the flute, and some members of the troupe violins and clarionettes.

I must here make some mention of that remarkable Swedish singer, Christine Nilssen, whom I heard at a concert in the Savannah Theatre. Her singing seemed to me to be in keeping with the universal praise she received. Her deserved reputation caused me to expend more on a ticket to a musical event than ever I did before or after.

CHAPTER XIV

I SHALL NOW record here a few miscellaneous recollections and thoughts. As already mentioned, I attended the Massie School when it first opened. One of my schoolmates became a very good friend later in life and was, for a short time, a member of the first military company I joined. His name was William B. Hassett. His mother kept a millinery store in Savannah. When we were schoolboys, I had heard in an indirect way the name Harman Blennerhassett, but had only a vague knowledge of his connection with Aaron Burr. My schoolmate, in a confidential mood, told me Blennerhassett was his family name and that his full name was William Blenner Hassett.

I have already mentioned some of my early teachers. Without intending any thought of disparagement, I must admit I received more knowledge through my father than from them. My father was a remarkably well educated man. He made a special effort to keep his children from using wrong words or speaking ungrammatically. He had a fine library of which he made good use, and induced me by his example to read some of the best literature. He was a constant reader of Shakespeare and Joseph Addison, and I soon became familiar with their works. I frequently read the "Spectator," employing some of its material in my school compositions. My father thought Addison used the choicest language in English literature. He also considered Washington Irving the equal of any author. He was also a classical scholar and his knowledge of the Latin language was remarkable. His library was well stored with the works of Latin authors as well as some of the Greek classics. He knew the Iliad and the Aeneid almost as well as he knew Shakespeare.

MASSIE SCHOOL

Among those who made an impression upon my youthful mind I must mention Mr. William M. Wadley of the Central of Georgia Railroad, a person whom I always greatly admired. I met him when my father and I escorted my grandmother to the station on her departure after one of her visits, where we met Mr. Wadley, at that time Superintendent. After the train left, he took us through the machine shops where I witnessed such machinery as I had never seen before and which caused me to wonder. Mr. Wadley was a man of great executive ability and thoroughly equipped for the position he held. The bust of him now in possession of the Georgia Historical Society is a striking likeness. He not only rendered great service to the railroad, but developed to a large degree of success its thriving adjunct, the Ocean Steamship Company of Savannah.

Another man connected with the Central of Georgia Railroad was Mr. J. M. Selkirk, forwarding agent. He was a familiar figure, driving through the streets in his buggy which, instead of a cover, had a large umbrella to protect him from the sun and rain, the pole running through a hole in the bottom of the buggy. In recent years I became acquainted with General P. A. S. McGlashan, a brother of Mr. Selkirk, who told me the latter's real name was McGlashan, but as they were related to the Selkirk family, his brother had taken their name.

Mr. Charles Clarke Millar was connected with the Central Railroad for a long time in the rolling stock department. He was well known in Savannah as a most efficient and competent manager. From a letter referring to his services, I quote the following:

> "Charles Clarke Millar entered the services of the Central of Georgia Railroad before the shops were built or the rails laid to Macon. He was an officer of the company for fifty years and

was left in control of its property during the evacuation of Savannah by the Confederate Army. Previous to the entry of Sherman's army, a message was sent to him to fire the cotton then stored in the railroad's yards. This he refused to do, realizing if the cotton were fired, the whole city would be destroyed together with the shops and all property owned by the railroad. The city at that time was an asylum for old men, women and children, and no available power could have saved it. A strong wind had been blowing for hours. It was a choice between two evils—burn the cotton and menace the city or give the cotton as a Christmas present to Lincoln. The latter choice was made. Sherman's army entered the city shortly afterwards."

Reports and diaries of the company's work dating back to 1835 were destroyed during Sherman's occupation of Savannah.

During the Yellow Fever epidemics of 1854, 1858 and 1876, Mr. Millar nursed the sick and buried the dead. No duties were too arduous for him to perform. After years of faithful service he passed on to his reward.

There were other men connected with this railroad whose records are well worth preserving and whose services were important and valuable. Mr. William Rogers served for a longer period than any other whom I can recall. He was recognized as a man well fitted for the duties entrusted to him and probably had in his whole life few if any enemies. Also there were W. Oscar and John D. Charlton, James A. Courvoisie, Gasper J. Fulton and Donald McDonald. Of these and others whose names I do not now recall I have most pleasant recollections, and I only regret lack of space forbids my writing further of them. All were most efficient and thoroughly equipped for their positions.

The first President of the Central of Georgia Railroad was William W. Gordon, followed by R. R. Cuyler. These gentlemen did much for the development of the railroad and too much cannot be said concerning their services, but as they were before my time, I have no personal recollection of them.

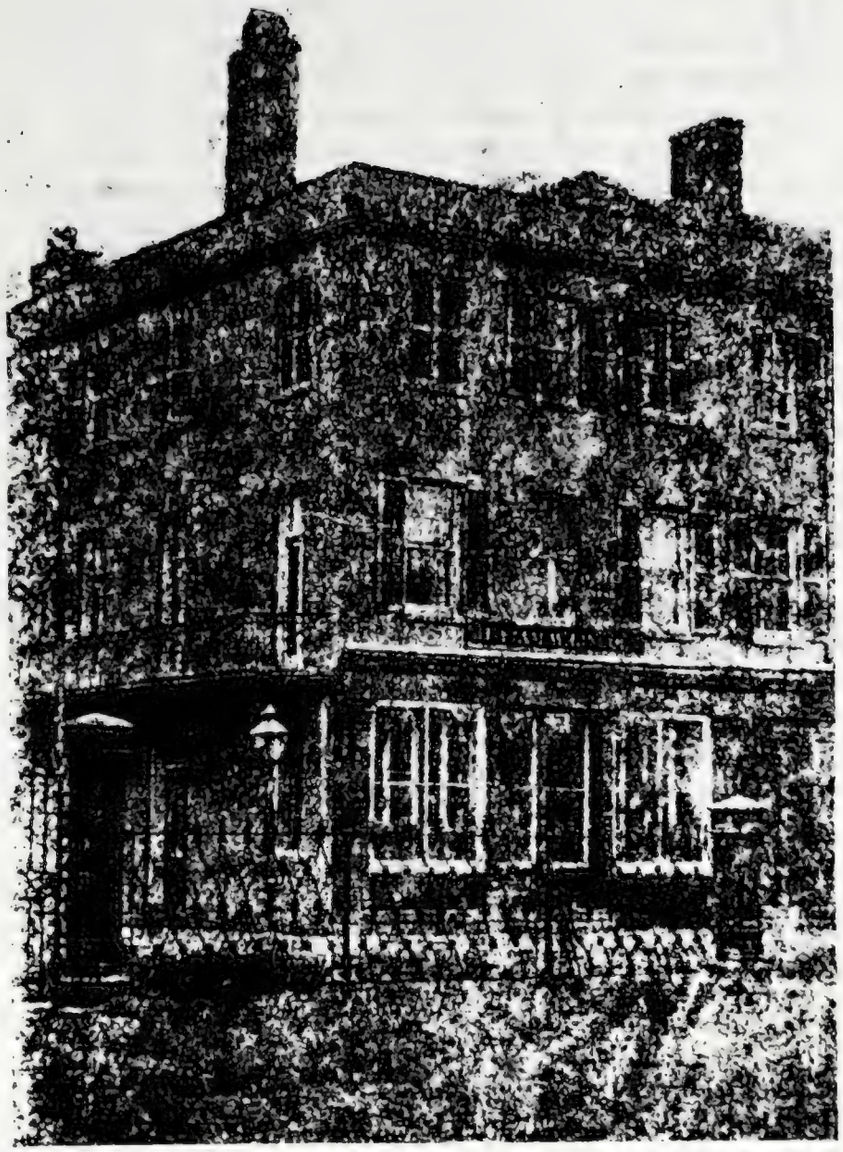
In connection with the affairs of this railroad, it may be interesting to mention a circumstance relating to the work of one of its employees possessed with considerable artistic talent. This was Mr. F. Cerveau, employed as an ornamental painter, who did for a long time the decorative work on passenger coaches built in the company's shops. I do not know when he was first employed by the railroad but in the city directory for 1859 he is mentioned as "ornamental painter, C. R. R." and his residence given as on the corner of Gaston and Tattnall streets. He was a resident, however, as far back as 1837 when he painted a very correct perspective view of Savannah as seen from the portico of the old City Exchange, then headquarters of the Municipal Government. I am told when this picture was finished it was raffled off, but I do not know the winner. It came into the possession of Mr. Geo. B. Carhart, then a merchant of Savannah. Many years later he presented it to the Georgia Historical Society through Mr. George L. Cope. It is still a treasured object in the collection of pictures owned by that Society.

Having said so much about one railroad, I cannot refrain from giving my recollection of the beginning, rapid development and great aid to the growth of Savannah of the corporation now known as the Atlantic Coast Line which started as the Savannah, Albany and Gulf Railroad, later known as the Savannah, Florida and Western, then the Plant System and finally its present name. I can remember when the construction of the line first began as well as the installation of the first locomotive engine, called "Thronateeska," the Indian name of the Flint River. A number of my boy-

hood friends joined me in visiting daily the site of the present office building on Liberty street where we gathered to witness the activities of the workmen laying the tracks, erecting the depot and round house, as well as the machine shops. The first president of the railroad was Dr. James Proctor Screven, succeeded by his son, Colonel John Screven.

About the time of which I have just written I was a member of a circle of school boys who, in the language of the present time, would be called "the gang." In addition to the visits to the railroad and other places, we frequently played in Forsyth Park, then a pine forest with no other species of tree within the area. We saw the beautiful fountain, now so much admired, undergo the process of erection superintended by a well known and competent mechanic, Mr. H. D. Headman. The Park was then inclosed by an ornate iron railing. There were no regularly laid out walks, but a wide roadway extended through the center of the Park from Gaston to Hall streets. It is said that at one time Mr. Wm. B. Hodgson erected at his own expense a rude wooden fence around the park for the purpose of keeping trespassers from cutting down the trees, and for some time it was known as Hodgson Park. About the year 1851 it was called Forsyth Park, at which time the iron railing was placed around it. The fountain was erected in 1858. It is a fac-simile of one standing in the Place de la Concorde in Paris. The park was named in honor of the Hon. John Forsyth, the well known statesman.

Among the houses of Savannah which have received a certain amount of fame, I feel I should also mention the one just eastward of the northeast corner of Barnard street and Oglethorpe Avenue, in which it is said the celebrated George Whitefield lived while he was connected with the Bethesda Orphan Home. I have also heard it said that Aaron Burr slept in one of its



OGLETHORPE CLUB

rooms during his stay in the city in 1802. I am inclined to believe both these incidents are apocryphal. Another house, now standing on the northeast corner of Bull and Gaston streets and the home of the Oglethorpe Club was built during my childhood by Mr. Edward Molyneaux, for a long time resident British Consul here. The residence standing on the corner of West Broad and Margaret streets, for many years considered one of the most imposing edifices in the city, was owned and occupied by Mrs. Mary M. Marshall, widow of James Marshall, the beloved captain for many years of the Savannah Volunteer Guards. Although this is a very old house, I cannot say when it was built. It is one of the old landmarks of Savannah, of which only a few remain. Not far to the eastward, on Elbert Square, was another house of a former period originally owned and occupied by the Lillibridge family. However, before my birth the first owner had passed away and the Ferrill family occupied the house. The house still stands, but I cannot say how old it is.

About the time of which I am now writing a number of events of comparatively little importance transpired which I found interesting and which may likewise prove of interest to my readers. One of these was connected with the life of Professor John Darby, a botanist of considerable merit, author of "Botany of the Southern States." Darby was the proprietor of a patent medicine known as "Darby's Prophylactic Fluid" which he advertised extensively. Following is a copy of one of these advertisements:

A—was an artist, afflicted and sad;
B—was a boil the poor fellow had;
C—was a cancer that ate out his eye;
D—was the Doctor who helped him to die;
E—was his end, most dreadful, be sure
F—is the fluid such ailments to cure—
What fluid? Why, Darby's Prophylactic, of course.

About this time it was announced that the Hon. Edward Everett had signed a contract with Robert Bonner, proprietor of the New York *Ledger* for the publishing in weekly installments of incidents in the life of George Washington, to be called "The Mount Vernon Papers." My father became interested in the matter, having a high regard for Mr. Everett, and subscribed for that paper in order to read these articles. Those of our family who were not interested in the articles on Washington read with pleasure the stories which appeared serially. I was particularly interested in the writings of Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., my special favorite being "The Gun Maker of Moscow." There was recently published in one of our leading magazines a sketch of this author.

At this time the New York *Ledger* was said to have the largest circulation of any newspaper in the United States. Robert Bonner was also well known as owner of the celebrated racing horse, "Dexter" with the record of trotting a mile in two minutes and seventeen and a half seconds, then considered unsurpassable.

Although I have never taken much interest in the sporting world, I cannot fail to recall at this period the intense interest manifested in the contest for "The Belt" between John C. Heenan, the American pugilist, known as the "Bernicia Boy," who challenged and fought Tom Sayers in 1860. The American public went wild over this bout.

CHAPTER XV

I RECORD HERE several incidents of an interesting and amusing character concerning negroes owned by various members of my family. My mother frequently mentioned to me a servant owned by her father who had been brought from Africa and had been in slavery for many years. His name was London, a very respectful man and a great favorite with the children of the family of whom he was very fond. My grandfather discovered he knew how to write, but not with the English alphabet. From time to time he was given a note book which he filled with his strange writing. After my grandfather's death, the attention of Mr. W. B. Hodgson, the noted oriental scholar, was called to these books. He at once discovered that the writing was in Arabic and became so interested he wrote an article for the Ethnological Society of New York, reading it before that society on October 13, 1857. It was later published under the title, "The Gospels, Written in the Negro Patois of English with Arabic Characters, by a Mandingo Slave in Georgia." To quote Mr. Hodgson: "The MSS was the work of a native African Mohammedan using the letters of the Koran who became converted to Christianity. While Arabic characters were used, the words were not that language; they were the negro dialect used to express English words, thus—First Chapter of John was 'Fus Chapter ob Jon', and the first verse was, 'In de beginning wus de wad; and de wad wus wid Gad, and de wad wus Gad'."

My grandmother Harden owned a negro man whose name I cannot now recall. This man had a companion who was a true friend. The latter, at his death, committed

his young daughter to his friend's care. The girl grew to womanhood. One night she surprised her guardian with the announcement she was engaged to marry a youthful neighbor. The startling news brought forth from the venerable darky, who had for years acted *in loco parentis,* this spontaneous response: "Why, chile, don't you marry dat boy, 'cause dis is de berry nite I lotted to put de co'tship to yer myself!"

One of my grandmother's young negroes was assigned the duty of waiting upon one of her grandsons and, on being asked why he took so long to shine the boots, said: "I mos don, massa, I ain't got but one mo after dis!"

Another negro owned by my grandfather was known among the other servants as a very religious man, but whether his religion was of the right sort and whether he was sincere in his alleged conversion may be considered doubtful. Of him, however, it may positively be asserted that a more lazy individual was hard to find. On one occasion he entered into a conversation with some of his companions in which he asserted he was confident he would enter into the Kingdom of Heaven where he would be eternally happy. When asked why he was so certain of the reward of eternal bliss, he exclaimed: "Kase dere ebery day is Sunday."

Usually on a plantation some woman was appointed to take care of the small children when their mothers were at work in the fields. One morning my Uncle William in riding over the plantation, observed Mary, the woman so appointed, standing in the doorway of a cabin watching the pickaninnies at play. All of them were attired in a single garment extending half way down from their necks, the weather being very warm. My uncle remarked to the woman, "Mary, I see you have quite a juvenile assembly here!" Mary, supposing the word referred to the costumes of the children, rushed into the cabin and returned bearing a completely naked child, exclaiming, "Yes, suh, an yer's one wuss dan dem!"

Almost without exception, the colored people in slavery times took as their surnames either the family name of their owner or that of some well known planter whom they admired. It was a common thing among them when asked their names to have them give their Christian names, adding the surname with an explanation. For example, if one asked a man what his name was, he would reply, "My name is John Henry, but Harrison is my 'entitlement'!"

CHAPTER XVI

APPROACHING the most exciting period in my experience, as well as the most tragic era in this country's history, I am conscious of the fact that it will require the pen of a writer far more ready than I am properly to convey to my readers the state of affairs leading up to the disruption of the Union.

Preceding the meetings of the conventions of the political parties existing at that time, the fact was recognized that whoever might be elected would result in great disappointment among those inimicable to the successful. Excitement ran high, but the limit was not reached until it was established that Lincoln was elected. Of course, trouble in the South was not only predicted but was almost assured in that event, and feeling became intense throughout the Southern States. Even before the secession of South Carolina, other states were preparing to sever their connection with the Union. In Savannah the impression prevailed to a large extent that Georgia would not submit to the rule of Lincoln's party. I witnessed so many scenes of a thrilling nature and heard so many expressions of threats that it is hard to describe them in adequate words.

Meetings were held almost daily in various places in the city. Speeches, both eloquent and otherwise, were made, indicating the disgust and disappointment at the result of the election. Open air meetings, preceded by torch light processions, were held in Johnson Square and other places. Sometimes meetings called to be held in public halls had to be adjourned to the street, there being no room for the eager crowds. I attended most of these meetings, and as young as I was, I became as enthusiastic as the leaders. These political meetings

were generally held on the southwest corner of Bull and Congress streets. On this corner was a drug store kept by Wm. W. Lincoln, above which were the quarters of the Savannah Oglethorpe Club. Speeches were delivered from the piazza opening from the quarters of the Club on the Bull street side of the square.

When the secession of South Carolina became known, the intensity of feeling reached its height. Probably the largest torch light procession of the period was held that night, when it seemed to me everybody in Savannah was in line. Transparences and banners of every description were quickly gotten up and exhibited in the parade. Some of them bore inscriptions of threats, patriotic sentiments, mottoes, and names of leading local politicians. On the base of the monument to General Nathanael Greene was placed a large easel supporting a canvas bearing the picture of a coiled rattlesnake above which were printed in large letters the words "NOLI ME TANGERE"—"Do not tread on me." Badges with the same design and lettering were pinned on men's coats and women's waists.

Many methods were used to arouse the patriotism of the people, such as the wearing of cockades and rosettes, the former made of white ribbon and the latter formed of young leaves of the palmetto tree stripped to resemble ribbon and sewed into the proper shape, being worn on the side of the men's hats. These palmetto rosettes became popular only at the secession of South Carolina, called the "Palmetto State." Many songs were popular during this period, among them the "Bonnie Blue Flag," "Dixie," "My Maryland," "A Georgia Volunteer," and "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground." To add to these, a new composer named Harry McCarthy appeared whose compositions were very popular. Among his works was "The Stars and Bars." Other songs which were then sung and which remained favorites during the entire period of the

War were "Lorena," "Somebody's Darling," "Let Me Kiss Him for His Mother," "Backward, Oh Backward!" and "Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still."

Early in the War, Governor Joseph E. Brown commanded that Fort Pulaski be seized. This was quickly accomplished by the First Volunteer Regiment of Georgia Infantry, of which Colonel A. R. Lawton was in command. The companies of this regiment guarded the captured fort, each company being on duty for a week at a time.

Immediately after the capture of the fort, it was deemed proper to open a line of communication between Savannah and the fort by telegraph. A line was laid and no difficulty met in the selection of an operator, William Scarbrough Taylor being appointed. He was a grandson of Mr. William Scarbrough, a successful merchant and member of the first company owning the steamship Savannah, the first steam vessel to cross the Atlantic. Mr. Taylor had been in the service of the American Electric Telegraph Company for a long time and was an expert. At the time of his appointment he was in very poor health, and owing to a sudden attack of lung trouble, was compelled to abandon his post and return to the city, dying in a few days. After his death some difficulty arose concerning the payment by the Confederate Government of the salary due him. It seemed that his widow would be required to administer upon his estate, of very little value, and that she would be required to pay the costs, which would be a useless imposition upon her. My father, then newly appointed Judge of the Confederate States Court for the District of Georgia, came to the rescue and through correspondence with the Department of Justice in Richmond, procured an order for the payment of his salary. In after years, when the State of Georgia began to pay pensions to widows of Confederate soldiers, copies of this correspondence had the immediate effect of securing for Mrs. Taylor a pension.

Directly after the capture of Fort Pulaski steps were taken to obstruct the channel of the Savannah River to prevent the approach of Federal warships. All the old hulks lying at the wharves were sunk, and a quantity of cobble stones were towed down the river and thrown overboard. Later, certain vessels captured by privateers were also sunk.

The channel of the Savannah River had been considerably blocked as far back as the time of the Revolutionary War. Although much money had been spent by the city of Savannah and the United States Government for opening the channel, numerous obstructions were still encountered by vessels approaching the city, and the greatest skill was frequently required to avoid the wrecks still existing in certain spots.

In the case of prizes captured by Confederate privateers, these ships were condemned through the Confederate States District Court and used to block the channel. One of these prizes was the "Santa Clara." The Savannah *Republican* of Friday, April 25th, 1862, carried an advertisement of the sale of this ship's cargo, describing it as follows: "Cargo sale of sugar, molasses, etc., cargo of the prize brig 'Santa Clara' captured on the high seas by the private armed vessel 'Jeff Davis', at public auction yesterday in this city by Messrs. LaRoche & Bell, auctioneers. The following are the particulars of the sale: 213 hhds. Porto Rico and Muscovado sugars brought from 9½c to 14¾c per pound; 74 bbls. Porto Rico sugar from 12c to 13½c per pound; 20 hhds. Porto Rico molasses from 85c to 87½c per gallon. The bidding was spirited and nearly all the lots were sold to the city trade. The sails, rigging, and furniture of the vessel were also sold at fair prices."

The cargo of the Santa Clara having been sold, the ship was completely dismantled and the hulk towed down the river and sunk cross-wise in the deepest part of the stream.

In this connection, it is interesting to note that only a few years ago the Engineering Department raised a hulk from the Savannah river which, from its contents, lead the operating force to believe the vessel had been sunk within a comparatively recent period. I was instrumental in settling the question, proving it was the wreck of the Santa Clara. The main evidence was the finding of a quantity of boards of a certain length and width. I remembered that at the time the vessel was brought into port, these boards were a part of the cargo. They were called "shooks" and were to be used in packing sugar in boxes.

Following the occupation of Fort Pulaski, two companies of infantry were immediately organized in addition to the military companies of the city. The first was the Pulaski Guards. I believe Augustus Seaborn Jones was the first captain, but he served only a short time on account of his age. He was succeeded by John Boston, Collector of the Port of Savannah at that time who found himself, like Othello, with his "occupation gone." My father was one of the original members of this company but gave up soldiering when appointed Judge of the Confederate States Court. The other company was the Savannah Cadets, organized by Captain Richard D. Millen as a boy-company to offer their services, if required, in home guard duty. I was one of its original members. It was soon taken into the service of the State of Georgia under command of General Henry R. Jackson and later on mustered into the service of the Confederate States as company F, 54th Georgia Infantry Regiment, under the command of Charlton H. Way. The Pulaski Guards served gallantly until the end of the War, doing effective service in Virginia. The Cadets served in the neighborhood of Savannah for a time and then were transferred to north Georgia where they rendered important service until the collapse of the Confederate cause.

Many other local companies were organized as volunteers. This was to a large extent due to the filling of the ranks of the then existing companies to the limit by volunteer enlistments. The existing companies at that time were the First Volunteer Regiment of Infantry, the Savannah Volunteers, the Georgia Hussars (cavalry) and the Chatham Artillery. Some of the new companies remained in the service for some time, while others were not long lived. Of these new companies I recall the following: Blue Cap Cavalry, Chatham Siege Artillery, City Light Guard, Emmet Rifles, Forest City Rangers, Montgomery Guards, Georgia Coast Rifles, Irish Volunteers, Savannah Artillery (Major J. B. Gallie, Captain), Tattnall Guards, Bartow Artillery, Maxwell (J. A.) Artillery, Oglethorpe Siege Artillery and Washington Artillery (W. R. Pritchard).

The older military organizations of Savannah continued as originally founded during the entire war and, without exception, rendered most heroic and patriotic services. All of these commands were known by the names under which they were first formed, notwithstanding the fact that they formed component parts of greater military establishments, such as battalions, regiments, brigades, etc. Thus the companies founded as the Republican Blues, Irish Jasper Greens, Phoenix Riflemen, German Volunteers, and others were part of the First Regiment of Georgia Volunteer Infantry. The Chatham Artillery was included in a battery formed of other companies of field guns, and the Georgia Hussars became a part of the 5th Georgia Cavalry Regiment. Upon the promotion of Colonel A. R. Lawton, the Adjutant, Charles H. Olmstead, was placed in command of the First Georgia Regiment, holding that position until the surrender of Fort Pulaski in June, 1862. His record during the whole period of the War was an honorable one.

In the vicinity of Savannah were other military corps in which I was interested. Joseph L. McAllister organized the Hardwick Mounted Rifles in which some of my kindred served. The men in this command were residents of that portion of Bryan county known as "The Neck" in which was located the plantation of my paternal grandmother.

CHAPTER XVII

I FEEL I should give here a brief account of the Oglethorpe Light Infantry and its gallant captain, Francis S. Bartow. This company was a part of the First Volunteer Regiment of Georgia Infantry. Francis S. Bartow, prior to the War, was a leading member of the Savannah Bar Association, and later a member of the Confederate States Congress. He resigned his position in Congress to serve the Confederacy with his company in the field. He first offered the services of his command through Governor Joseph E. Brown to President Davis. Governor Brown, however, was entirely opposed to the company leaving the State, whereupon Bartow made a direct offer to President Davis who immediately accepted it. Captain Bartow and the Oglethorpe Light Infantry left Savannah on the 21st of May, 1861, for the seat of war in Virginia. Their departure stirred the hearts of all citizens loyal to the Southern cause. The people went wild with excitement, and these gallant men boarded their train amid the cheers as well as tears of their relatives and friends. Shortly after his arrival in Virginia, Bartow was made Colonel of the 8th Georgia Regiment of Infantry and soon after was brevetted as a Brigadier General in the Confederate Army.

The departure of Captain Bartow and his company was the subject of very bitter correspondence between Bartow and Governor Brown. In the course of this correspondence Bartow made use of the phrase ever connected with his name: "I go to illustrate Georgia." Governor Brown charged that he had disobeyed orders, unlawfully carrying away muskets belonging to the State on unpatriotic motives. To this charge Bartow's reply was long and drastic, concluding with these

words: "I trust, if God spares my life, I shall set foot again upon the soil of Georgia, and be well assured that I no more fear to meet my enemies at home than I now do to meet my enemies abroad." This ended the whole matter.

General Bartow, with six others of his company, was killed at the first Battle of Manassas on July 21st, 1861. It was a dark day in Savannah's history when the news of the Battle of Manassas was received. So far as the happy result of this battle was concerned, the news was joyfully received, but the people were thrown into gloom and sadness when they learned of the death of seven of Savannah's brave and gallant soldiers. The six who fell on this day with their General were Julius Ferrill, John Branch, Thomas Purse, George Butler, William H. Crane and Bryan Morel.

The City Council determined to pay honor to Captain Bartow's remains, and a committee was appointed to proceed to Charleston and escort the body to Savannah where it laid in state in the Council Chamber until the funeral on July 25th, which was attended by the Mayor and Aldermen in a body, all the military within the district that could be spared from their positions and a large number of citizens. I attended with my company, the Savannah Cadets, and joined with other troops in firing a salute over his grave. The six other soldiers who fell with him were buried on January 15th, 1862, with the same honors. The special escort on this occasion was the Olmstead Rifles.

Still rehearsing events of the first year of the Confederate Government, I now introduce to my readers the Gordon family of Savannah, whose military record is worthy of consideration. Two brothers, George A. and William W. (2nd), sons of William W. Gordon, were in active service for the full four years of the war. George A. Gordon reached the grade of Colonel, commanding the 63rd Regiment of Georgia Infantry. William W. Gordon 2nd was an officer in the Georgia

Hussars. After the War, he was commissioned as Brigadier General in the United States Army and served during the Spanish-American War. His wife, Miss Eleanor Kinzie, was the first child born in the city of Chicago.

After the War, the sons of these two brothers were efficient officers in the Georgia Hussars. Beirne, son of George A. Gordon, died several years ago. He ranked high as a business man of this city. William W. Gordon 3rd, son of William W. Gordon 2nd, was for a long time one of the leading lawyers of Savannah and for a number of years President of the Georgia Historical Society. Another son of William W. Gordon 2nd, G. Arthur, is a leading cotton merchant here and occupies the family residence on the northeast corner of Bull street and Oglethorpe Avenue.

This house is architecturally a beautiful edifice and deserves more than a passing reference. It was built by Judge James Moore Wayne many years before it came into possession of the Gordon Family. The house was bought by William W. Gordon 1st in June 1831. The two lots it occupies are known as Nos. 6 and 7 Sloper Tything, Percival Ward. The Gordon family are descendants in a direct line from Ambrose Gordon, paymaster of the 3rd Continental Dragoons in 1779. He became an officer in Baylor's Consolidated Regiment of Dragoons from the 9th of November, 1779, until the close of the Revolution and was wounded at Eutaw Springs on September 8th, 1781.

Judge Wayne was one of the Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States, which position he retained during the War of Secession. His son, General Henry C. Wayne, took sides with the South and was Adjutant General on Governor Brown's staff during the War.

CHAPTER XVIII

WITH THE startling news of the bombardment of Fort Sumter, preparations for the defense of Savannah were started and vigorously pushed forward to completion. Forts and breastworks were thrown up along the shore of the Savannah River and on the roads leading out of the city to the south and east. The first of these was Fort Boggs which occupied a point on the bluff just eastward of the city, across from what was then known as "Jones' Old Field" and a little west of Deptford Plantation. It was named for General Wm. R. Boggs, an engineer of great skill who designed it. In the construction of this fort the Savannah Cadets took part and I handled a shovel for many days. Of equal, if not greater, dimensions was the fort erected at Causton's Bluff, named Fort Bartow after Francis S. Bartow, Captain of the Oglethorpe Light Infantry.

Fort McAllister was erected on the Ogeechee River. I have no record of when work on it began except that Colonel Chas. C. Jones in his "Historical Sketch of the Chatham Artillery" says that its construction was coeval with our earliest coast defenses. It was a formidable structure of remarkable engineering skill. It was located on a spot called "Genesis Point" and it is remarkable that although several writers have given what they believe to be the origin of this name, they are incorrect. In the early history of Georgia, two men of Charleston, South Carolina, named Jennys or Jenys or Jennis, entered into business with merchants in Savannah. One of them acquired land in Bryan county which subsequently became the property of the McAllister family. When owned by Jennys, it was called after his name. As evidence of this, I quote from an

advertisement appearing in the Georgia Gazette of March 9, 1774, signed by Thos. Stone, offering a "reward for the return of two horses to him at his place, Jennies Point."

In connection with the fortifications erected at the different approaches to Savannah, I deem it proper, as well as a privilege, to quote from an article written on this subject by, I believe, Colonel John Screven:

> "The eastern or water approaches to Savannah had been long before this secured by strong fortifications. Sunken cribs had been thrown across both channels of the Savannah River, these being protected by the guns at Fort Jackson and of Batteries Lawton and Lee, and the Naval Battery grouped about and supporting Fort Jackson. A battery on Gibson's Point, another at Turner's Rock, Fort Bartow at Causton's Bluff and a battery at Thunderbolt, covered the secondary system of water approaches to the Savannah River and from Wassaw Sound. Batteries at Beaulieu and Rose Dew defended Vernon River and Little Ogeechee, and Fort McAllister blockaded the Great Ogeechee. An interior line of heavy fortifications was drawn about the city, beginning with Fort Boggs and continuing with Fort Brown near the Cathedral Cemetery; another strong work near the crossing of Dale Avenue and Waters Road and thence westward in a series of demi-lanes to the high land of Battery Park, commanding the Springfield Valley. These fortifications were connected in some cases by curtains and infantry trenches. Their armament was in place, their magazines constructed and well supplied with ammunition, and they were in every regard ready for the immediate occupation by troops. During the movement of Sherman's Army, no at-

tempt was made by the enemy against any of these works, except the harmless shelling of Rose Dew Battery from Green Island, December 15, 1864, intended, no doubt, to call attention to the probability of an attack by water and to prevent the withdrawal of the force from the defenses in this direction to those in front of the enemy. The capture of Fort McAllister was a necessary part of Sherman's scheme of communication with the Federal naval force along the coast, especially at Port Royal, a scheme which had signally failed in every other direction and which succeeded at Fort McAllister because that redoubtable stronghold was taken by a land assault of nine regiments, comprising between 3,500 and 4,000 men, against an enfeebled garrison of 150 effectives."

With the departure of the Oglethorpe Light Infantry for Virginia, troops poured into the city from every part of the State, and encampments were opened southward of the town limits. Many of these men were "Georgia Crackers" and concerning them humorous incidents were related and some very funny sayings frequently quoted. One Captain received notoriety by giving orders to his men as follows: "Gentlemen of the Banks County Guards, *please* shoulder arms." The Captain of one of the companies was said to have had some difficulty in making his men know the difference between the right and left foot and made each man tie a sheaf of hay to the right foot and a sheaf of straw to the left, and when they were marching, he would call out, "hay foot, straw foot, hay foot, straw foot." I believe this story has been told concerning soldiers in other parts of the South, but I am sure it actually happened in this vicinity. Men of companies stationed on salt water streams were surprised at the rise and

fall of the tide and gave various reasons to account for the phenomenon. When told the real cause, they scornfully refused to believe the truth.

Some of the troops from the country were exceedingly curious about a city as large as Savannah. A party of them on seeing the fountain in Forsyth Park for the first time were quite surprised and one of them exclaimed to his companions, "Hurry up, boys! Come see the sight, the fount's a'flooding." At another time, a group of these soldiers while passing a house were attracted by delightful music being rendered on the piano by a lady in the family. They walked up the steps and peeped through the blinds. She, hearing the noise, invited them to enter and offered to play such music as they might desire to hear. Upon being asked if they had any particular piece in mind, one of them exclaimed, "Oh, no, just give us something quick and devilish!"

The lack of foresight in the matter of preparation for war throughout the South is a subject on which much has been written and Savannah was as much at fault as any other city. We were in no condition to supply the right sort of arms to the soldiers who were enlisting in great numbers, and we had to use discarded weapons of an out-of-date make, many having been seized from the old State Arsenal. Machinery was lacking, and it was difficult at first to manufacture guns for artillery service, but later this was remedied to a certain extent by several foundries operated by, among others, A. N. Miller, the Lachlisons, Linville and Lufburrow. To me it has always seemed strange that steamships plying between this port and New York were not detained here instead of being permitted to leave, never to return. The manufacture of small household articles was difficult as the necessary machinery was hard to obtain. Even cloth needed for the making of uniforms was scarce and of a very common and rough kind and the dresses and other articles of clothing used by our

women were of the poorest quality. The last uniform drawn by me from the quartermaster of my regiment was entirely of cotton, all homespun and stained in imitation of a grey tint with dye that did not hold its color.

In the last days of the struggle I bought a pocket comb, made by hand of horn sawed into teeth, paying $15.00 in Confederate money. I paid $18.00 for a pipe of soft wood lined with tin. I could mention many other incidents in proof of our lack of forethought in preparing for the long predicted conflict, but these matters have been handled by many writers in a more interesting way.

When the troops began to assemble from all quarters of the State, our good women organized, in line with the women all over the South, a "Wayside Home" which was of great service to the boys in grey who made good use of the food and wearing apparel, as well as kind treatment, furnished by the busy workers in this useful institution. My mother was one of the organizers and did her full share. It was housed in the building, still standing, on the northeast corner of Jefferson and Liberty streets, then owned by Mr. Hiram Roberts who gave it without charge. In order to raise funds, Colonel George A. Gordon delivered a lecture in Masonic Hall on October 27, 1863 and again by special request on December 5th of the same year. This lecture was called after the title of Bulwer's novel, "What Will He Do with It?", and was also given in Augusta, Milledgeville, Macon, Atlanta, LaGrange and Columbus. George N. Nichols published it by request in Savannah.

On the 28th of February, 1861, Commodore Josiah Tattnall was commissioned by Governor Brown as Senior Flag Officer of the naval force of Georgia. He at once organized his command as well as possible with the few small craft at his disposal. Commodore Tattnall had been in the United States Navy for many years.

He was in Chinese waters with the United States Naval Squadron at the time the Hon. John E. Ward was Minister to China, and there these two prominent citizens of Savannah met officially. Immediately upon the Secession of Georgia, Commodore Tattnall tendered his resignation to the President of the United States. Shortly after receiving his commission from the State, the Provisional Government of the Confederate States conferred upon him the title of Captain in the Confederate Navy, ordering him to take command of the naval defense of South Carolina and Georgia. It is proper to say here that the first vessels composing this "Mosquito Fleet" were of the smallest kind of steamers, the "Ida," the "Resolute" and the "Samson." He took part in the naval engagement at Port Royal on November 7th, 1861, after which he was ordered to Virginia. Commodore Tattnall was an officer of whom any government might be justly proud.

In the latter part of 1861, a gunboat of formidable character was built through the exertions of the women of Savannah. It was constructed by the Willinks who had a shipyard here, and was called the "Georgia." She was of such a heavy build, requiring an engine of such power as to make a high rate of speed impossible, that she was towed from place to place and used as a floating battery until her destruction.

General Robert E. Lee's first assignment to duty, after severing his connection with the United States Army, was as Commander of the Confederate defenses on the coast of South Carolina, Georgia and Florida, which comprised one district. He arrived in Savannah on November 11, 1861, and was on duty until February, 1862. It is a matter of regret that we have not more information concerning his activities during that period. We do know he gave particular attention to the fortifications in this immediate vicinity including, of course, Fort Pulaski. In an excellent account of this fortification, written by Colonel Charles H. Olmstead who

commanded it from the time of Colonel Lawton's promotion until its surrender in June, 1862, the author makes this interesting statement: "It is in order to quote a remark of General Lee's at this time. Pointing to the nearest part of Tybee Island, seventeen hundred yards away, he said, 'Colonel, they will make it very warm for you with shells from that point, but they cannot breach at that distance.' From 1800 to 1900 yards was laid down in the books as the extreme range at which a wall of good masonry could be attacked with any prospect of success, but up to the siege of Pulaski, so far as the writer knows, no fortification had ever been subjected to the fire of rifled guns. Their power against masonry was yet an unknown quantity. In the following year some of us saw Fort Sumter reduced to ruins at a distance of two and a half to three miles."

CHAPTER XIX

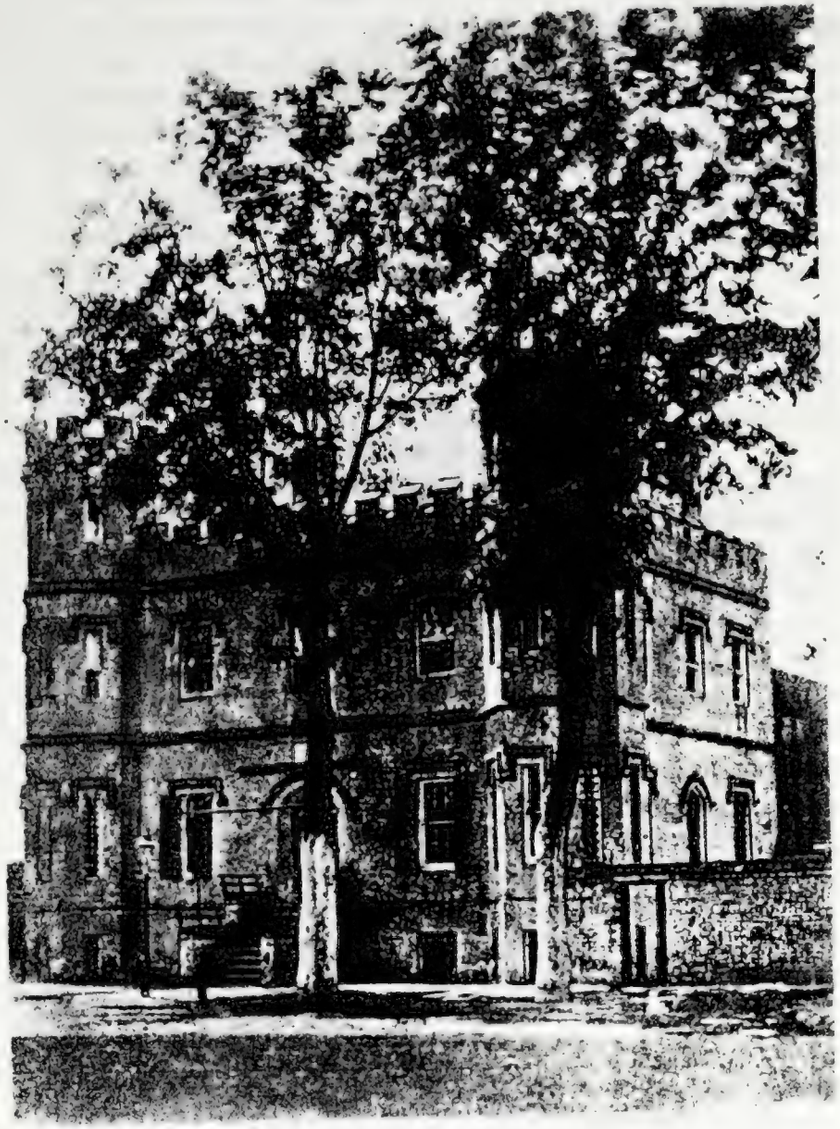
MY FATHER, E. J. Harden, entered the military service of the Confederate States early in the year 1861, joining the Pulaski Guards. His service as a soldier lasted but a short time as he was soon appointed Judge of the Confederate States District Court by President Davis.

On the 9th of February, 1861, Governor Joseph E. Brown sent a telegram from Milledgeville to my father calling him to the state capitol in that city to be sworn in as Judge of the Confederate States District Court. As an immediate answer was required, leaving him no time to consider the matter, my father had to decline the offer. Governor Brown had the wrong impression that the Secession Convention had conferred upon him the right to create the Court as a Court of the Independent State of Georgia with power to appoint the judge. When the Court was established by the Confederacy, President Davis conferred the honor upon General Henry R. Jackson, who resigned after a few weeks of service to join the army. My father was then appointed to succeed him. His first commission issued by President Davis under the Provisional Constitution is dated the 13th day of August, 1861; the second and final commission is dated the 22nd of April, 1862.

The history of the beginning of this court is interesting and has been fully and graphically described by the Hon. Warren Grice, from records furnished by me, in an article appearing in the *Georgia Historical Quarterly* for June, 1925. If space permitted, I would here have more to say concerning the officers of this court.

The Constitution of the Confederate States did not provide for a Supreme Court and, therefore, there

could be no appeal from a decision of a Judge of the District Court. A question as to what may have been the final decision of a Supreme Court in the following case should an appeal have been made from the lower court has been a matter of conjecture to me for a long time. The story was told me a few years ago by the principal character. It appears that when the Conscription Act was passed by the Confederate Congress, agents of the Government consisting of squads from various military companies were sent to arrest parties who seemed to have no connection with any military organization. The teller of this story, an Irishman, informed me he was made a Confederate soldier by compulsion, and although he did not claim the right to receive a pension from the State of Georgia, he was inclined to believe his application could not be denied. He was arrested by a conscription squad one day and taken to headquarters where he insisted he was not a subject of the Confederate States or of the United States as he had never taken out naturalization papers and was still a British subject. He was informed his excuse was not satisfactory, whereupon he employed a lawyer who took out a writ of habeas corpus. He was then summoned to appear before the Confederate States Court, and after argument on both sides, the Judge expressed the opinion he should either enlist in the Confederate Army or leave the country. He decided to take the former course, was mustered into service and took the oath of allegiance. Had there been a Supreme Court and the case appealed to it, I wonder what that Court's decision would have been.



JAIL

CHAPTER XX

MY RECORD as a Confederate soldier began with the organization of the Savannah Cadets in the spring of 1861, of which I was an original member. This corps was organized by Mr. Richard D. Millen who appealed to the boys of Savannah to meet at his house and band together for the defense of the city. The first officers were Captain Walter S. Chisholm, and Lieutenants John W. Anderson, J. F. Cann and H. M. Branch. It first saw service with the State troops and shortly afterwards was mustered into the Confederate service as Company F of the 54th Regiment of Georgia Infantry, commanded by Colonel Charlton H. Way. I was just midway between the ages of sixteen and seventeen when I joined.

When the Savannah Cadets were formed, it was generally believed the war would last only a few months and that the company might possibly be of some little service in repelling the invasion of the enemy from the sea. We assisted in the erection of sand batteries around Savannah and in guarding public buildings, among which was the State Arsenal. The Arsenal contained a number of old flint and steel muskets, very heavy and unwieldy, which were equipped for use with percussion caps. The first gun used by me was one of these re-built muskets and it was very heavy. Happily I did not have to carry it long as we were soon provided with new and light "Harper's Ferry" rifles which were later discarded for "Enfield" rifles.

After serving for about two years as a private in Company F of the 54th Regiment of Georgia Infantry, I was detailed for service in the Signal Corps, commanded by Captain Joseph Manigault. I served in this

capacity until the close of the War, receiving my parole from the Federal authorities in Augusta, Georgia, on the 9th of May, 1865.

A fact worthy of note in connection with my being detailed to the Signal Corps is that I have never been told any particulars in connection with this matter, nor have I ever known who recommended me. The order for my transfer came from the headquarters of Brigadier General Hugh W. Mercer addressed to Colonel Charlton H. Way, Commander of our regiment, then stationed at Beaulieu, ordering me to report for duty immediately to Captain Manigault in Savannah. I received my discharge at once, but did not reach Savannah until after dark, where I spent the night at my father's home, reporting for duty the next morning. This was in December, 1862.

I do not recall how many months I spent in special service signalling with flags before being ordered to camp at Thunderbolt and I, together with others, was quartered there for the purpose of learning telegraphy under two operators. These operators were Harry W. Clark and Charles T. Stewart, considered at that time the most skilled employed in the Savannah office of the Southern Telegraph Company. I think the first detail of pupils comprised about a dozen men. At first we had instruments run by clock-work, the impression of the letters being made on the tape by indentation. The operator at the receiving point was compelled to write the messages out from the dots and dashes impressed on the paper. It did not take long for a few of us to acquire the ability to read the messages by sound, among whom were D. C. Bacon, Henry M. Stoddard, Charles N. West, Wm. S. Smith and Charlie Harper. During all this time stations were established at posts in the vicinity of Savannah, connected by wire with the school at Thunderbolt. No office was opened in Savannah at first, but when we had a sufficient number of what were called "sound operators," head-

quarters for the telegraph system were opened at the Oglethorpe Barracks and I was placed in charge. Other stations were at Thunderbolt, Isle of Hope, Beaulieu, Fort Jackson and Causton's Bluff.

An important matter in connection with the Signal Service was that owing to the scarcity of nitric acid for use in charging the batteries, a substitute had to be used. The secret of this substitute was sacredly kept by Messrs. Clark and Stewart who were bound by oath not to divulge it. The time came, however, when we were in a position to dispense with the services of these instructors. A difficulty then arose as they would not give up their secret, and it became necessary for us to manufacture a substitute ourselves. Consultation was held with Mr. George H. Waring, Acting Secretary of our Corps, who was a member of the firm of King and Waring, druggists. He immediately informed Captain Manigault that he had no doubt some one of his prescription clerks could compound a substitute. Of course I was never informed as to the details of this matter, but a substitute was prepared which proved to be as effective as the one used by Clark and Stewart.

I consider the most important service rendered by myself during the War to be in connection with the Signal Corps, both as telegraph operator and in flag signalling. At one time I was sent with several others, including Thomas C. Clay, to Fort McAllister to ascertain whether we could communicate with Savannah, signalling from the Fort to Way's Station and thence sending telegraph messages to the city. However, atmospheric conditions were such that our efforts were unsuccessful and the project had to be abandoned.

In the summer of 1864 I was ordered by General McLaws to report for duty to Lieutenant Colonel Arthur Hood at McIntosh Station in Liberty County on what was then known as the Savannah, Albany and Gulf Railroad (now the Atlantic Coast Line). Lieu-

tenant Colonel Hood was in command of a battalion of cavalry organized in southwest Georgia. His intention at this time was to establish a line of couriers from his headquarters to the coast. The men of his command were to traverse the country on horseback from McIntosh Station to North Newport, South Newport and other points as far as Darien, reporting on the movement of the enemy's fleet from place to place. Whenever information of sufficient importance was received, it was sent by telegraph through my hands to General McLaws' headquarters in Savannah.

I remained at this station from August, 1864 until within a few weeks of the evacuation of Savannah by the Confederate troops. It was the custom of operators during moments when the line was not busy to hold conversations with one another. In this way I became acquainted with Henry Morehouse in the telegraph service stationed at Doctortown. In our talks we grew quite friendly and one day he invited me to dine with him, going so far as to telegraph to Savannah to get permission for me to be absent from my post for about two hours. Permission being obtained, I made the trip, returning to duty on time. Shortly after the War I saw Morehouse again, about which I shall write later.

I returned to Savannah in December, 1864, where I took part in the evacuation of that city. The headquarters of the Signal Corps were in the top story on the eastern side of the block of buildings then, and still, called Stoddard's Lower Range situated on the river front. Headquarters of the telegraphic system of the Signal Corps were in the upper story of a building connected with the barracks facing Harris street, in addition to which there was a telegraph office in one of the rooms at the headquarters of the Corps itself. When it was decided that the city must be evacuated, instructions were sent to the chief operator at every station in the vicinity of Savannah that I should be informed when the time came to abandon his office.

This information I passed on to headquarters. My station was the last to be abandoned. I instructed headquarters that every office on the line was closed. All operators then repaired to the Corps' headquarters to receive final instructions before leaving the city. Our Corps did not leave with the main troops who made their departure over a pontoon bridge as we had small boats for passing to and fro between the city and outposts along the water front. At seven o'clock on the evening of December 20th, 1864, we left the city. Boats were lowered and we made our way to Screven's Ferry around the lower end of Fig Island, through Back River to the other side of Screven's Ferry and marched all night to Hardeeville, South Carolina, reaching there at daylight. Our party consisted of the following, all members of the Savannah Signal Corps:

Alexander, Charles A.
Anderson, Clarence G.
Atkinson
Bacon, DeWitt Clinton
Blake, Thomas
Burroughs, Joseph H.
Chisholm, William W.
Clay, Thos. C.
Cohen, Octavus S.
Cook, D. C.
Couper, B. King
Davis, Parrish Dowse
Dent, James T.
Dugas, L. A.
Elliott, John Mackay
Elliott, Ralph
Elliott, Robert Habersham
Ferrill, Frank S.
Fleming, James M.
Giles, Clayton
Givens, W. P.
Goulding, B. Lloyd
Guerard, Augustus Godin
Habersham, Robert Beverly
Harden, William
Harper, Charles A.
Harris, Robert
Harrison, George E.
Heineman, Henry
Hoge
Huger, Prioleau
Johnston, James H.
Kollock, George
Kollock, John Fenwick
Kollock, William
Lamar, Richard N.
Law, Samuel Spry
Manigault, Joseph
Marcoe, Francis, Jr.
Morel, Charles H.
Morgan, Henry Clarence
Myers, Frederick

Neufville, Francis
O'Driscoll, Frank
Sharp
Smith, William S.
Steiner, Roland
Stevens, Walter LeConte
Stoddard, Henry Mongin
Sullivan, James
Turpin, Miles
Waddell, Hugh
Wade, William
Watkins
Waring, George H.
Washburn, Ingersoll
Weed, Edwin G.
Weed, John W.
West, Charles Nephew
Willis, Francis T.
Woodbridge, Richard W.
Woodbridge, William B.
Wylly, Thomas Butler King

Before taking to our boats, we destroyed all the movable property at headquarters. We were determined to let as little of our property as possible fall into the hands of the enemy. Among the articles stored with us were a number of large and valuable signal rockets. We determined to make them useless and broke off the long sticks, emptying out the powder which we set on fire. By accident one of the rockets remained undamaged, its fuse became ignited and it whizzed across the street into the building of the wholesale grocery firm of Stark, Alexander and Clark. Some of us rushed over to extinguish it, but it had burned out before we reached it.

From the time of the evacuation of Savannah until the evacuation of Charleston in February, 1865, I was really attached to General W. J. Hardee's headquarters. However, as I had done considerable service as signal officer at the headquarters of General McLaws, he seemed to be desirous of utilizing my services as far as possible. Accordingly, when he reached Pocotaligo, where he established headquarters, he telegraphed General Hardee requesting my services. General Hardee consented and I was kept busy until the fort at Pocotaligo was abandoned. In his memoirs, General Sherman mentions that a portion of his army approached Pocotaligo on Sunday, January 15th, 1865, and

found the fort abandoned. It seems strange to me that he kept so well posted as to the movements of the Confederate Army and yet did not know of the abandonment of the fort until his troops reached it.

I shall never forget the stirring time we had during the last days of the holding of the stronghold at Pocotaligo until our departure on Saturday night, January 14th, 1865. I was kept so busy all the time that I scarcely had time to eat, and I cannot remember the different messages I sent and received during that period. Disturbances were without number and at times it was almost impossible to hear the ticking of the telegraph instrument on account of the roaring of Sherman's artillery and the whizzing of shells flying around us. I was much relieved when General McLaws informed me the time had arrived when I could disconnect my instrument and follow him and his staff across the river.

After leaving Pocotaligo, General McLaws informed General Hardee at Charleston that he could have my services and I accordingly went to that city where I remained until its evacuation early in the morning of the 18th of February, 1865. Our headquarters were in the residence of a rich Charlestonian named Wagner, and the office of our Signal Corps was in the first story above the basement and immediately under the quarters of General Hardee. My companion was John Mackay Elliott, and we took turns at the instrument, relieving each other every six hours day and night. In the clerical department we had the services of George H. Waring of Savannah and a man named Edgerton of the Charleston Signal Corps.

From the time I first joined the Signal Corps in Savannah I, as well as all other members, was given the keyword by which the messages in cipher were decoded. We were, of course, bound to secrecy. Frequently messages came in cipher from Richmond for General Hardee's headquarters, and it was our in-

variable custom to decipher them for our own information before passing them on. On Tuesday, the 14th of February, 1865, four days before the evacuation of Charleston, I began to write out a message from the office in Richmond which I at once discovered was in cipher. Of course, we could not make head nor tail of the message as it came, but at its conclusion, before sending it upstairs, we determined to decipher it and began work, but soon discovered our keyword did not fit. The keyword given us was "complete victory." With Elliott's aid, I started over again to get the right translation, but without result. We both then realized that the keyword had been changed and wondered whether General Hardee's staff had the new one. Instead of consulting Major D. H. Pool, Staff Officer in charge of such matters, we determined to find out for ourselves what the new keyword was. It was a very difficult matter and I shall not attempt to inform my readers how it was accomplished. The message was from President Davis to General Hardee and read as follows:

"Richmond, Va.,
February 14, 1865

"General W. J. Hardee, Charleston, S. C.,

Your dispatch of the 12th received today. The enemy may, and probably does intend to attack Charleston, but it is by no means manifested by present operations. It is proper under the view presented to remove whatever is not needful for the defense of the place, and then to postpone evacuation as long as prudent. If General Beauregard can beat the enemy in the field, the course herein indicated may preserve the city and harbor for future use, and save us the pain of seeing them pass into the hands of the enemy. General Beauregard and yourself are so well informed of the condition of the armies and practicability of routes that I must leave you to

the free exercise of your judgment. It, however, seems to me that the bridge over the Santee can be defended against a boat expedition up that river without materially interferring with other operations, and a movement by the enemy overland from Bull's Bay is hardly to be anticipated.

(signed) Jeff'n. Davis."

The new keyword by which the message was deciphered was "come retribution" and it will be observed it contains the same number of letters as the old one.

We took train as soon as General Hardee's staff could be gathered together at the depot, crossed the Santee river and made our headquarters at St. Stephen's Depot for a number of days, when the Signal Corps was ordered to proceed by rail to Cheraw. We arrived in Florence on Sunday morning, February 26th, where the train was delayed because of the blocking of the road for a long distance by rolling stock. That evening I was summoned to appear in the office of Captain H. W. Feilden of General Beauregard's staff who ordered me to proceed to Timmonsville on the road to Sumter where I was to remain until further orders. At this place I was to transmit messages in the nature of reports from scouts giving information as to General Sherman's movements. I made the trip to Timmonsville by locomotive, arriving there before midnight where I was housed in the residence of a Baptist preacher named Timmons. I set up my instrument in his parlor and remained there until the following Sunday. Captain Feilden sent with me an assistant, Ewen Mortimer, who had been a schoolmate of mine in our young boyhood. On Sunday, March 5th, while at breakfast, a signal call came over the instrument, and I was informed by the operator in Florence that Sher-

man's troops were rapidly making their way to the railroad in order to cut off communication between Florence and Sumter. He advised me to take the train that would reach Timmonsville in about an hour from Sumter. Accordingly, we took passage and I informed the conductor and engineer as to the situation to put them on guard. We proceeded towards Florence slowly. On rounding a bend in the road, we discovered ahead of us a large party of Sherman's troops, some of them cavalrymen and some artillerymen, actually engaged in tearing up the track. But for the fact that the engineer had been forewarned, the train and all the passengers would have been captured. The enemy troops began firing on us immediately. This incident is mentioned by Colonel Reuben Williams in a report of the 12th Indiana Infantry, dated Phill's Creek, S. C., March 6th: "The 29th Missouri being in the advance immediately deployed on the side of the track for the purpose of capturing it (the train) as soon as it came up. The engineer, however, must have discovered us, as the train turned back." We backed out rapidly and stopped a few minutes at Timmonsville. I set up my instrument and tried to get in communication with Florence but found the line had been cut. I then got in touch with Sumter and gave that town full information of what had happened. On the arrival of the train at Sumter, many of the inhabitants met us anxious to learn all that was possible concerning Sherman's movements. That night I was entertained at the house of Mr. Charles T. Mason, a jeweler who had made many of the telegraph instruments used by the Signal Corps and whom I had met several times before in Savannah and elsewhere. He gave me a delightful supper and breakfast and a comfortable bed. There were several Confederate soldiers in Sumter who wanted to rejoin their comrades-in-arms. We got together, decided that the point we wanted to reach

was Augusta, Georgia, and eleven of us, including Ewen Mortimer, started out on foot. After eleven days we reached Aiken and went from there by train to Augusta. While in Aiken, I telegraphed my father, then in Augusta holding court, and advised him of my approaching arrival. I remained in Augusta until May 9th, 1865, when I received my parole and left to join my family, who were refugees, at a point four miles south of Tallahassee, Florida, where I remained with them until August, 1865.

In returning to Savannah, we had to go by train to Lake City, spending the night there and entraining the next morning for Jacksonville, where we took the boat for Savannah via the inland route. On reaching Lake City I saw Henry Morehouse (with whom I had become friendly during my sojourn at McIntosh Station) who invited me to spend the night with him. He was a telegraph operator and promised to help me secure such a position. Shortly after I reached Savannah, I received a letter from Mr. A. L. Canova, Superintendent of the Military Telegraph Line from Tallahassee to Jacksonville, then operated by the United States Government, appointing me telegraph operator in the latter city. My friend Morehouse wrote me advising that my appointment had been made before I received Mr. Canova's letter. He also wrote that I would not see him when I reached Jacksonville as he was sailing on the "D. H. Mount" for New York. When crossing the bar of the St. John's river going into Jacksonville, my steamer passed the "D. H. Mount" on her way to New York with my friend aboard. We waved our handkerchiefs at each other, and that was the last time I saw him. He took passage on the same steamer on her return trip south, and she was never heard of after leaving New York.

I remained in Jacksonville several months until I was offered a position as operator in the Savannah

office. When I left Jacksonville I, without solicitation, received a letter from Mr. Canova, reading as follows:

"Military Telegraph,
Superintendent's Office,
Jacksonville, Fla.
January 18th, 1866.

"I most respectfully recommend Mr. Wm. Harden to the telegraphic fraternity as an honest, sober and experienced telegrapher. He has been in my employ as telegraph operator at Jacksonville for the past four months and has discharged his duties faithfully. He has been discharged *only* at his request. Any favor shown him will be highly appreciated by,

Yours very respectfully,
(signed) A. L. Canova,
Sup't."

I remained in the telegraph office in Savannah a short time. At the request of my father's partner, I entered the office of Harden & Levy, Attorneys-at-Law, as clerk, and shortly after that became connected with the Georgia Historical Society, about which I will write in detail later.

CHAPTER XXI

I SHALL now record some incidents relative to the occupation of Savannah by General Sherman. Before proceeding, however, let me state that the Confederate military authorities did not deem it advisable to notify General Sherman of their intention to abandon the city, leaving the city authorities free to make terms advantageous to the interests of the people of Georgia. Whether the evacuation of the city was a surprise to Sherman or not is a matter of no importance. The first advice I had of the plan to abandon the city came to me through my father who had been informed by General McLaws that he had only a few days in which to arrange the records of the court preparatory to their removal to some other point. My father left Savannah with the court officials shortly before the departure of the Confederate Army.

At this time, Savannah had as its City Council Mayor Richard D. Arnold and his Board of Aldermen, consisting of Henry Brigham, J. F. O'Byrne, Christopher C. Casey, Henry Freeman, Robert Lachlison, J. L. Villalonga and George Wylly. There were other aldermen; these, however, were the ones who were prominent in connection with the evacuation. On the morning following the departure of the Confederate troops, these gentlemen met and decided that duty compelled them to proceed to the headquarters of General Sherman and inform him he would receive no opposition on the part of the military to his troops entering peaceably into the city limits. Hacks conveyed them to the enemy's headquarters some distance beyond the city, where they got in touch with General Geary and delivered their message to him. General Geary then escorted them to General Sherman who received them

kindly and was satisfied that evacuation had been accomplished. General Sherman had previously met Mayor Arnold, and it is believed he knew other members of the Board of Aldermen. When the city officials returned to their hacks, they discovered to their astonishment and disgust that a party of Wheeler's Confederate Cavalry had stealthily unharnessed the horses from the vehicles and returned to their command with them, leaving the officials to walk back to the city.

Savannah was evacuated by the Confederates in the afternoon and evening of December 20th, 1864, and the Federal troops made their appearance on the streets of the city by noon of the following day.

Generally speaking, the people of Savannah had no real complaint to make of the conduct of the common soldiers of Sherman's command, but some examples of disregard of strict military orders occurred, and the offenders were, when caught and convicted, properly dealt with. I have in mind one incident of a truly interesting character. General Henry R. Jackson was at that time a Brigadier General in the service of the Confederate States and was, of course, with his command somewhere in the State of Virginia. Three of his children were under the care and protection of their grandmother, the widow of Isaiah Davenport, a very prominent citizen and at one time alderman. Mrs. Davenport was then residing on the northeast corner of Barnard and Taylor streets. Scarcely had the Union soldiers become quartered in the squares when some made their way into residences and took what struck their fancy. Mrs. Davenport's home did not escape their looting propensities. Of course, the old lady became exasperated and made threats, which were received with jeers and laughing responses. She quietly hastened to General Sherman's headquarters, then on Macon street in the house now owned by Mrs. Peter W. Meldrim. At the front door she was halted by the guard who informed her she could not enter, whereupon she declared vociferously that she had come to see General Sherman in person and would not leave until she had an interview with him. The guard protested, declaring if she had a complaint to make, it must be done through one of the Staff Officers as the Commander-in-Chief was too important a person to attend to such small matters. General Sherman's attention was called to the controversy and he appeared, demanding a reason for the disturbance. Mrs. Davenport, suspecting who he was, asked, "Are you General Sherman?" When he replied he was, she continued, "General Sherman, I have a matter to lay before you and must talk to you in person." His reply was courteous. "Madam, I am a very busy man, but if you will not remain long, I will give you a few minutes of my time." He invited her in, and after seating herself, she said, "I have come to make complaint of the lawlessness of your soldiers and to ask for the protection of my property. I am the mother of six sons, three of whom are holding office in the Confederate States army and three serving the United States Government in an official capacity." Before she could proceed any further, the General interrupted her, saying, "Madam, if there is any person in the city of Savannah deserving the protection you ask for, you are that person, and I will give instructions that a guard be placed at your residence and will see that you and yours are cared for as long as my troops remain in Savannah."

Although Sherman's conduct while in Savannah was to a degree humane and considerate, I could say much of his cruel and oppressive conduct as he approached the outposts established for the defense of the city. In a letter to Secretary of War Stanton written in Ossabaw Sound on December 13th, 1864, he admits his outrages in the way of obtaining supplies for his army, and concerning his march from Atlanta to the coast states, "we have not lost a wagon on the trip, but have gathered a large supply of negroes, mules and horses." As to

his wanton destruction of the railroads, he not only tells of the many miles of roads so destroyed, but actually gloats over his acts of cruelty and his hatred of the South in the following statement contained in the letter just referred to: "My first duty will be to clear the army of surplus negroes, mules and horses. We have utterly destroyed over two hundred miles of rails and consumed stores and provisions essential to Lee's and Hood's Armies." I passed by many miles of railroad he had destroyed when I made that tedious march on foot from Sumter to Aiken referred to in the preceding chapter. In his memoirs, he makes the following statement concerning the capture of the South Carolina railroad. "As soon as we struck the railroad, details of men were set to work to tear up the rails, to burn the ties and twist the bars." These rails (or bars, as he called them) were heated red hot and twisted around trees growing along the tracks. He gives as his reason for this destruction, "This is a most important railroad and I propose to destroy it completely for fifty miles, partly to prevent a possibility of its restoration and partly to utilize the time necessary for General Slocum to get up." In his account of his approach to Savannah, he declares, "My aim then was to whip the Rebels, to humble their pride, to follow them to their inmost recesses and make them fear and dread us."

Before leaving that part of Sherman's memoirs relative to the indignities put upon the people of Georgia, I cannot refrain from adding one more threat of his, characteristic not only of his hatred towards the people of the South, especially of Georgia and South Carolina, but also showing that he set out on his so called march through Georgia with the determination to humiliate the people to the greatest extent. After telling of his arrival at Alatoona, Georgia, on October 9th, 1864, at the beginning of his raid through this State, he mentions that on that day he sent a telegram to General Grant at City Point, Virginia. This telegram, in addition to the information relative to his intentions, contained the following: "By attempting to hold the roads, we will lose a thousand men each month and will gain no results. I can make this march and make Georgia howl! We have on hand eight thousand head of cattle and three million rations of bread, but no corn. We can find plenty of forage in the interior of the State."

CHAPTER XXII

I NOW approach that period in the history of Savannah which is not only sad to relate but the recollection of which I would be glad to wipe from my memory. I refer to the Reconstruction Period immediately after the War between the States. Of course, this subject has been written up frequently and is especially accurately and truthfully described in that remarkable book by Claude E. Bowers, "The Tragic Era." This book, however, treats of the subject in too general a manner, because the troubles and outrages experienced by citizens of separate communities could not be fully and specifically described in one volume of not many pages. Even at this time I cannot describe all the incidents connected with the activities of the scalawags and carpet-baggers while Savannah was under their control. When the conduct of these people became unbearable, the citizens of Savannah decided to take charge of matters and assert their rights to the best of their ability. Accordingly, the ante-bellum military companies of Savannah reorganized. While it was ordered by the United States Government that no such organizations should exist, we formed ourselves into *clubs*, calling them "The Oglethorpe Light Infantry Club," "The Savannah Volunteer Guard Club," etc., ignoring the word *Company* altogether. We purchased our own arms and met nightly during each week when we were drilled by skillful miiltary officers. We were always prepared to appear at headquarters and march under arms at the striking of the alarm signal on the bell in the City Exchange. We appeared at all elections and did full duty in challenging the votes of the miserable carpet-baggers whom we knew to be no citizens of Savannah or Chatham County. We frequently caught would-be voters trying to cast their ballots time after

time, going from box to box, and we did good work in having many arrested and kept in the guard house until the closing of the polls. Of course, strong efforts were made to break up our activities, but we so managed our affairs that we were not suspected of being members of military organizations.

It is a pleasure to note that among the radicals who had almost complete control of political affairs there were some who did not side with their leaders but sympathized with us and exerted some influence in lessening the evil designs of those in charge. However, it is impossible for me to mention all of the despicable acts committed from the beginning to the end of the Reconstruction Period to humiliate our people. Negroes were put in office. In every way the citizens were made to feel the ignominy of having such wretched and ignorant creatures rule over them. To prove the deplorable condition of the white people at this time and their subjection to negro rule, let me mention a few facts. I can mention many names of negroes who, without the slightest education, were placed in positions of trust and authority. First and foremost was one Aaron Alpeoria Bradley who, it was said, was admitted to the Bar as a lawyer in some court in Massachusetts. I do not know if this was true, but he was admitted to practice in the Superior Court of Chatham County presumably on the assumption that he had previously been a practicing lawyer. Later on, Bradley became somewhat subdued and did not apparently have the full support of the colored people, whom he ruled with a rod of iron. I have heard it stated that a large sum of money was raised by a local politician to shut Bradley's mouth and extort a promise to relax his activities in urging the colored people to oppress their former owners. This apparently accounts for his sudden quiescence, and conditions improved considerably.

Next comes a negro with the remarkable name of King Solomon Thomas. Of him I need say nothing;

his name alone indicates his character and intellect. Again, we have Tunis G. Campbell, a preacher, I believe, but whose qualifications as an expounder of the Gospel I do not know.

There were many other negroes of this type, but some were better and of a superior character. Among the latter was Moses Bentley who held the respect of the citizens.

Among the carpet-baggers I recall one who was of higher education and brighter intellect than the general run. I refer to Henry S. Fitch, a lawyer of considerable ability and sound judgment. He was elevated to the important position of United States District Attorney and, had be been so inclined, could have been a despot. However, he became quite friendly with some of our leading attorneys and used his influence to an extent in mollifying the decisions of some members of the judiciary. There may have been others like Fitch, but I signal him out as I knew and saw more of him than of any the others.

Of course, I have attempted to give only an idea of incidents occuring in this particular locality during that terrible period of reconstruction.

CHAPTER XXIII

As I advance in years I am frequently asked by persons of a later generation questions concerning matters of the period during the War, some of which appear to me of little interest but which seem to be of some importance to the inquirers. One such question concerns the manner in which the people of the South were entertained during the War.

As we had practically no traveling dramatic companies, we had to look to home talent for our amusement and pleasure. However, we in Savannah were particularly fortunate in being visited from time to time by an organization consisting almost entirely of a single family, with occasional outsiders to assist in the presentation of plays when more characters were required. This family bore the name of Waldron, and they called themselves, "The Queen Sisters or Thespian Family." I do not recall that the father and mother ever appeared on the stage, but the children all possessed talent to a certain degree, although they were not skilled to a sufficient extent to produce classical dramas or plays.

In letters written to me in 1917 by Andrew Waldron, the only survivor at that time, I think, of this family, information of an interesting nature was given me as shown by the following extracts:

> "We were known as 'The Queen Sisters or Thespian Family.' I was known as Master Andrew. We played Savannah at the old Athenaeum down Bull street (later called the Savannah Theatre). Mr. Padelford was owner and manager. We gave our profits to the Oglethorpe Light Infantry and the Savannah Hos-

pital. . . . I knew the Ferrill family, the Habershams, Thompson (editor of the *Savannah News*), the Savage family, the Winklers and many others of the slave owners, the Screven family of hotel fame, and the Feugers (Hugers?). My sisters were Julia, Fannie and Laura, and my brothers Alfred and Arthur. We were assisted by Oliver Wren, James Keith, Walter Keeble and John Davis. . . . Dr. King (W. N.) was head of the Savannah Hospital at the time. . . . The play (The Rebel Spy) was written on the Civil War and was produced in Savannah at the Athenaeum in 1862 and 1863. It was a prize drama and my father offered $15.00 for the best play on the War and 'The Rebel Spy' got the prize. . . . I also have an autograph poem written by Carrie Belle Sinclair, quite a popular writer in Savannah during the War and after. Her brother was killed in one of the first battles of Virginia and it almost wrecked her life."

Julia and Alfred Waldron took the heavy parts, while Andrew was the comedian. A popular song of his was "The Conscript's Lament" containing the following two lines which always brought down the house:

"O the woe a man ought to feel,
To get in the fight and be shot in the heel."

In connection with this family I recall an elderly gentleman named John H. Hewitt who was their true adviser and helper. Although I do not remember seeing him myself on the stage, I have the impression he acted with them elsewhere. I was so interested in Mr. Hewitt, due to his personal appearance among other things, that I made a special effort to obtain some information concerning him. He was born in New York City on

July 11, 1801 and died in Baltimore, October 7, 1900 at the age of ninety-nine. He attended the Military Academy at West Point but did not finish the course, retiring before graduation because of a dispute with the Commander. During his connection with West Point he wrote the words and composed the music for a ballad, "The Ministrel's Return from the War" which met with considerable success, having a remarkable run. It was a great favorite of my mother's and I cannot recall the number of times I have heard her sing it. From the fact that Hewitt was a fast friend of the Waldrons' and travelled with them on their theatrical tours from place to place, as well as making Baltimore his home, I am sure he must have been a thorough Southern sympathizer. The account from which I gathered the foregoing information concerning Mr. Hewitt makes the remarkable statement that he won a prize for a song entitled "Song of the Winds," for which prize Edgar Allan Poe was also a competitor.

CHAPTER XXIV

I NOW come to that period of my life which is undoubtedly the most important—my long connection with the Georgia Historical Society beginning in 1866 and lasting continuously down to the present moment. This experience has been from the very beginning most interesting to me, and I may say its influence upon my life has been to a remarkable degree both educational and uplifting. Indeed, I may truthfully say that most of the education I have received during my entire life has come through my activities as librarian of the Georgia Historical Society.

One evening in the early part of October, 1866, my father returned home after attending a monthly meeting of this Society and announced to me that the Society had passed a resolution calling for the employment of an assistant to the librarian then in office, Mr. J. F. Cann, and that I had been elected to the position. It was voted that a small salary be paid for my services and that my duties should be confined to the hours of the afternoon from three o'clock until darkness set in. My duties in my father's law office required my services from nine o'clock in the morning until two o'clock in the afternoon. The arrangement was perfectly satisfactory to me, and I at once accepted the position.

During the long period of my association with the Georgia Historical Society, I have been opposed only once in an election. In August, 1869, on the death of Mr. J. S. F. Lancaster, who had been elected librarian in the place of Mr. Cann shortly after my appointment as assistant, I was elected to fill the place. About ten years later, a certain gentleman who had been the librarian of a young institution called The Savannah Library Society, determined to oppose me at the annual

HODGSON HALL

meeting. However, I was elected without any great effort and was never afterwards opposed in an election.

At the time of my election as assistant librarian in 1866, Bishop Elliott was President of the Georgia Historical Society. He died on the 21st of December of that year. I was, therefore, not present at any meeting over which he presided. Judge John M. Berrien was the first President, serving from 1839 to 1841, and again from 1854 to 1856 when he died. In 1841 Judge James M. Wayne was elected President and served until Judge Berrien's re-election. Judge Wayne was elected again in 1856 and served until February, 1862. Georgia seceded in January, 1861, at which time Judge Wayne, although actually President of the Georgia Historical Society, was living in Washington serving as Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. It seems strange that he, although a non-resident of Georgia and a loyal subject and officer of the United States Government, held this office for a little over a year after Georgia was outside of the Union. At the meeting of the Society in 1862, Judge Charles S. Henry was made President and served until the election of Bishop Elliott in September, 1864. On the death of Bishop Elliott, Mr. John Stoddard, who was the Vice-President, was elected to the presidency and served from February 12th, 1867, to February 12th, 1868, when he declined re-election. My father was at that time Vice-President, and became President, serving until his death on the 19th of April, 1873. No election for President was then held, but on the 2nd of June Mr. George W. J. DeRenne was elected and served until March 2nd, 1874. Owing to Mr. DeRenne's refusal to serve again, General Henry R. Jackson was elected, and his term of service was the longest of all the Presidents of this Society, expiring only at his death on the 23rd of May, 1898. On the 6th of March, 1899, Colonel John Screven was elected to the presidency, but he died on the 9th of January, 1900, when Colonel George A.

Mercer succeeded him on the 12th of February of that year. He served until his death on the 5th of April, 1907. Since then there have been several changes in the presidency until the election of our present incumbent, Mr. T. Mayhew Cunningham.

It will appear from the above list that I have known every President mentioned except Judge Wayne, of whom I have no recollection whatever. Many changes have occurred within my recollection of the Society's different officers as follows: Second Vice-Presidents, Corresponding Secretaries, Recording Secretaries, and Curators.

One of the most important matters in connection with the Society's history is the taking on of the Telfair Academy of Arts and Sciences provided for in the will of Miss Mary Telfair. It is well known that at the death of this lady a contest over her will was begun in the Superior Court of Chatham County by two contesting parties known as the Jones heirs and the Wetter heirs. This contest went through the Superior Court here, the Supreme Court of Georgia, the United States District Court for the Southern District of Georgia, and finally through the Supreme Court of the United States. During the progress of the trial, steps were taken through an appeal to the Supreme Court of the State to settle the question as to the rightful heirs in case the will as presented should be declared void. That Court decided that the Joneses were the true heirs at law. After more than seven years the Supreme Court of the United States settled the matter by deciding that the will was a proper one and absolutely legal as to every item. Almost immediately after this decision the Georgia Historical Society took steps as trustees of the Telfair Academy, by the terms of the will, to manage its affairs in such capacity. The institution was thus managed by the Society until the latter part of 1920 when by decision of the Board of Managers it was determined to relinquish the trust and let the manage-

TELFAIR ACADEMY OF ARTS AND SCIENCES

ment be under the control of an entirely different organization, this change taking effect in that year. The history of the Telfair Academy of Arts and Sciences is an interesting one, and it is probable that a full account containing information concerning the progress of the work will be written by some one cognizant of its affairs.

Another important matter is the fact that in addition to the volumes of "Collections" published from time to time, the Society in the year 1917 at the suggestion of its then President, Mr. Wm. W. Mackall, began the publication of the periodical called *"The Georgia Historical Quarterly."* The first number appeared in March, 1917, and as in June, 1934, the second number of Volume 18 has been published, the publication has completed seventeen years of its existence. The *Quarterly* has been well received, has proved to be very popular and is bcoming more in demand every year. Some of its numbers have been of peculiar interest for persons engaged in the writing of historical essays, and as these numbers are now entirely out of print, the demand for them cannot be supplied. Truly did Major Joseph B. Cummings in his introduction to the first number explain the reason why it should be a successful effort. He said, "The magazine's usefulness in the work of collection is obvious, but especially is the magazine the Society's late day response to the duty of 'diffusion'—not merely diffusion of information, but diffusion of itself—the Society's self—its proclamation of the fact that it is not, as in a measure it has come to be regarded, a local affair, a Savannah institution. There has been no design in any quarter to make it such."

Among the most important gatherings of the Society was the 78th Annual Meeting held on the 12th of February, 1917. The most prominent feature of this occasion was a learned address by Mr. Alexander C. King, the title of which was "Georgia's Influence on the

Secession Movement." This address was well received by a large audience and was published as the main feature of the proceedings of the Seventy-eighth Annual Meeting.

My position as librarian brought me in close contact with many persons, both co-workers and otherwise throughout the country. It gave me special pleasure to meet at one time the Honorable Robert C. Winthrop of Boston, who was President of the Massachussetts Historical Society and who had been Speaker of the House of Representatives in the United States Congress. He had been in Florida accompanying Mr. Mason, the father of the wife of Mr. Winthrop's son, Robert C. Winthrop, Jr. He stopped at one of the Savannah hotels where Mr. W. S. Bogart, Treasurer of the Georgia Historical Society, and I called on him and spent at least an hour in his company. He visited our library and at a meeting of the Massachusetts Historical Society shortly after his return to Boston, he mentioned the fact that he had called at our library and was gratified to find that we had a nearly complete collection of his Society's publications.

In October, 1876, the American Library Association was organized in Philadelphia during the celebration of the Centennial of the Signing of the Declaration of Independence. This Association was founded principally by Dr. Melvil Dewey, author of the Dewey Decimal System of Cataloguing; Ainsworth R. Spofford, Librarian of the Library of Congress; Justin Winsor, Librarian of the Harvard University Library; and Wm. Frederick Poole, Librarian of the Boston Public Library, Cincinnati Public Library and Chicago Public Library, and the compiler of that important work, "Poole's Index to Periodical Literature." When it was determined to organize this body, an invitation was extended to me to become a charter member. I accepted the invitation and was enrolled as No. 55 of the founders, and made all my arrangements to attend the first meeting in Philadelphia, but I was stricken by that dreadful scourge, Yellow Fever, and missed the honor of attending this important gathering.

The American Library Association is still in existence and has grown from a small membership to a very high number reaching into the thousands. I attended the 50th Anniversary of its founding held at Atlantic City in October, 1926, at which time there were only eight survivors of the original roster. On the 15th of October, 1933, the 57th Anniversary was observed in Chicago during A Century of Progress Exposition. I had all my arrangements made to attend this meeting but was again confined to my bed by a serious illness. There were then just four of the charter members remaining, and it was contemplated that the inauguration of the convention should commence with a dinner at the Stevens Hotel in Chicago on Sunday afternoon, October 15th, at which time these four charter members were to be especially recognized and some attention fitting to the occasion be paid them. I have not received any information as to the proceedings of this meeting.

My connection with the American Library Association has lasted to the present moment, a period of over 57 years, and has been very gratifying to me during the whole of this time. If it were possible, I would like to relate some facts which, while interesting to me, might possibly be of like interest to some of my readers.

It is a matter of pride to me that I have received many assurances that my work as Librarian of the Georgia Historical Society and my willingness to share with others any knowledge I might possess on subjects generally considered of interest have been appreciated. One letter written to me in this connection is highly prized by me, and from it I quote the following concerning a proposition to take up the work of writing an historical treatise, "I have said to Mr. — and also to Mr. — that I could think of no one so well qualified as yourself to prepare — (the work proposed). I hope

you may see your way clear to doing so, and I am sure you will do what you conveniently can to facilitate their plans." From the time I undertook the work of librarian until the present moment, it has been my endeavor to assist to the best of my ability those who seek information from me whenever it was in my power to render the assistance asked for, and I am pleased to say that my efforts have been received without exception with words of thanks and appreciation.

My experiences as librarian are doubtless in many respects about the same as those of others engaged in the same business. Among such experiences, however, many have been of a very amusing character. Recently the word *boners* has been coined explaining mistakes made by thoughtless persons in making requests, or in asserting facts, in words calculated to produce a sense of humor. I have from time to time made note of such expressions and will give a few of them here. Mrs. Humphry Ward's book, "The Marriage of William Ash" was called for as "Mr. Ash's Wedding;" a lady called for Mark Twain's "Rueing It" as "Roughing It;" a little boy wanted "When the Nightingale was in Bloom" for "When Knighthood was in Flower;" some one wanted "A Chance Battle" for "The Fighting Chance;" again "The Thundering Conductor" for "The Lightning Conductor." Another boy, in behalf of his father, wanted "an outline of all the books you have in your library," another person wanted "two good books of tragic;" a child asked for "How the People Eat" for "How We are Fed." Another requested a "book covered with white and blue purple" when "The Purple Parasol" was probably wanted. I close the list with the following which "caps the climax." One day I was asked by a man for a book called "The First of Ireland," and I replied that we had no such book in the library. He insisted that the library did own the book and that he had got the title from a friend who highly recommended it to him. The inquirer became

indignant when I informed him I positively knew we had no such book on our shelves, and added that the title given by him conveyed no sensible idea. Some time after this, I entered a book store in the city and saw there exposed for sale on the counter a small green-covered volume entitled "An Irish Primer" whereupon I asked the keeper of the store why he ever thought of bringing out such a book, and he laughingly said, "There is a funny thing about that. Somebody came in here a short time ago and asked for a book called 'The First of Ireland' and I told him I had no such book but would order it for him. The order was sent to our purchasing agent in New York who responded that he could learn of no such book, but that he came to the conclusion that the inquirer wanted a book on the Irish language, and he sent this volume with the hope it was what was required." He added that if I wanted the book for the library he would make a very cheap price on it. I left the store wondering what the whole matter meant, and it was not until a long time afterwards that I came to the realization that the book wanted was a novel called "The First Violin."

I was five years old when the Georgia Historical Society was organized in 1849, and when I became a member and assistant librarian in 1866, I was twenty-two years old. At the 50th Anniversary meeting we had a banquet at the Pulaski Hotel in addition to the regular proceedings, the main features of which were addresses by General Henry R. Jackson, President of the Society, Colonel Albert R. Lamar, and the Honorable Joseph Ganahl. At the 75th Annual Meeting, the main feature was an address before the Society at Lawton Memorial by Dr. J. Franklin Jameson. His subject was "The History of Historical Societies." Mr. W. J. DeRenne tendered to the Society and its guests a luncheon at his residence (Wormsloe). All present at this luncheon were received in the noted DeRenne

Library of Georgia History housed in a building adjacent to the residence. In the evening a banquet was held at the De Soto Hotel.

When I first became connected with the Society, the membership embraced a large number of active, and in many cases distinguished, associates, and it is a singular fact that although I was at that time the youngest of this long list, I now stand alone as the only survivor of that body of workers in behalf of the interests of the Society which we all held in the highest esteem.

CHAPTER XXV

As I approach the end of my recollections, I deem it of some interest to my readers to say something in regard to my religious experiences and matters concerned therewith. I was brought up in a strictly religious home and my recollections of my experiences in my boyhood days in Sunday School are very vivid. I remember that despite numerous efforts made by me from time to time to avoid attendance on Sunday School services, I was frequently made to understand that no excuse would be accepted until I finally gave up the idea and quietly submitted to the inevitable, being assured that I could not make it believable that I was not trying to dodge all the time. On the whole, however, I can say that the time spent in learning Sunday School lessons or in attending sessions of the school was not really irksome. I was always treated well at the school and for the most part did not find the lessons disagreeable. For a long time it was the custom in our family on Sunday afternoon to take up the subject of the lesson for the following Sunday, and not only learn the answers to the questions asked in the lesson paper, "The Sunday School Visitor" but to have the lesson told us in story form from the lips of our father. Stories such as Abraham and Isaac, Joseph and his brethren, Hannah and Samuel, Ruth and Naomi, and Esther were told in such a way as to give us as much pleasure as the reading of stories of fiction.

It is remarkable that quite frequently in my childhood I almost came to the conclusion that it was time to join the church. I never, however, came to the point of making a decision until I was twenty years old, and my determination to do so at that time was without

much hesitation. I belonged to a family of strict Presbyterians, my father being an elder in the First Presbyterian Church of Savannah. It so happened that I was sent out to Liberty County in the summer of 1864 by General McLaws on military service, and there I came in close touch with a man of God, well known for his piety and good work in bringing non-professors of religion into church membership. The man referred to was Mr. Thomas Quarterman Cassels. He very soon broached the subject to me, and gave me the strongest reasons for taking the proposed step. Accordingly, I went before the Selectmen of the Midway Congregational Church and was received into full membership, making a public profession on Sunday, the 2nd of October, 1864.

On my return to Savannah after the War, one of the first steps taken by me was to obtain a letter of dismissal from the Midway Church to join the First Presbyterian Church of Savannah, the church in which I was baptized and which I have attended all my life. In 1876 I was elected and installed an elder in that church and have held the office ever since. During all this period I have been as active as I could be, and have held several positions for long periods. I was Sunday School Librarian for many years; I was at one time Superintendent of the Sunday School; I sang in the choir for over thirty years; I have attended meetings of Presbytery and Synod and once served as commissioner to the Southern Presyterian General Assembly; and I have been a teacher of a class of ladies in Bible study for something over thirty years. My experience in this last named service has been not only pleasant but delightful, and without saying anything as to the opinions of those forming the class from time to time, I believe my teaching has been acceptable to them generally and to me not only agreeable but up-lifting.

COURTHOUSE

CHAPTER XXVI

I HAVE endeavored in writing these pages to leave out as much as possible in reference to the subject of politics, but there are certain things I feel bound to record which are classed by me among the important events of my life. I now refer to the election of Presidents of the United States. In the election which resulted in the seating of Abraham Lincoln in the presidential chair, I was too young to cast a vote, and even now I am not certain as to my choice of the candidates in that contest. My first vote for a President was very displeasing to me, and yet I felt at the time it was a duty which I could not avoid. As Georgia was out of the Union after the War until just before the race between Ulysses S. Grant and Horace Greeley, it was the first election for President of the United States in which I could vote. The Democratic Convention very much to my disgust nominated Greeley to oppose Grant. I felt it was incumbent upon me to support the Democratic Party, but it was a bitter pill to have to cast a vote for Greeley, whom I thoroughly despised. There were many things to be considered in making a decision, and the main point which decided the matter in my mind was the fact of his having signed the bond given by Jefferson Davis at the time of the latter's arrest. I was not, however, very much disappointed when Grant won. It is almost needless to say that I have voted for the Democratic candidate in every election held since that time.

While the following has no connection with national politics, I deem it expedient to mention here my services in connection with the administration of the affairs of Chatham County. For a little more than half a century, I have been attached to the office of the Treasurer of

Chatham County, devoting the morning hours of each day to this work. The position has brought me into close touch with nearly all of the official staff working in the Court House, and during that long period I have seen many changes. Indeed, I am now the only living person who has been continuously connected with the affairs of the County since I first took up my duties.

I undertook this work in July, 1882, at which time the Judge of the Superior Court of the Eastern Judicial District was the Hon. A. Pratt Adams, serving from 1882 until 1889, when he was succeeded by the Hon. Robert Falligant. On the latter's death, the Hon. Pope Barrow became Judge and served until 1902, when the Hon. George T. Cann became Judge. He resigned and was succeeded by the Hon. Walter G. Charlton who died in office and was succeeded by the Hon. Peter W. Meldrim. Judge Meldrim died recently and the position is now held by the Hon. John Rourke, Jr. All of these officials came into office during my connection with the Treasury Department. Among those who served before that time, and whom I knew, I mention Judge Wm. Law, serving from 1829-1834; Judge John C. Nicoll, 1834-1835; Judge Robert M. Charlton, 1835-1837; Judge Charles S. Henry, 1837-1845, at which latter date Judge Wm. B. Fleming took office and was reappointed in 1849, 1853, and 1868. Judge William Schley served from 1868-1875, and I was admitted to the Bar during his term in August, 1873. On the death of Judge Schley, Judge Henry B. Tompkins was appointed in 1875, and again in 1879, 1881 and 1882. The list of other officials holding office during the past fifty years is too long to mention here.

CITY EXCHANGE

CHAPTER XXVII

NOTWITHSTANDING references heretofore made to buildings of an historic character, I willingly risk a repetition in referring to certain changes which have occurred during my lifetime.

For years I was fully acquainted with the ins and out of the building which stood where the De Soto Hotel now stands, known as the United States, or Oglethorpe Barracks. While I regret the destruction of this old building, I must admit the Hotel makes a much better showing and is a great improvement to the appearance of the streets it faces. Again, I name the Savannah High School, now occupying the site of the old Chatham Academy building owned jointly by the Trustees of the Academy and the Union Society. The present City Hall stands on the spot where the old Exchange was one of the land marks of Savannah for a long period. The new Post Office is located on the lots occupied by the Kollock family residence, the old Georgia State Arsenal (later the Savannah Volunteer Guards Armory) and Armory Hall, owned by the Chatham Artillery. The Savannah Morning News building is on the spot in times past used for various purposes, once as a private banking house. During my boyhood the City Hotel operated by Pierce Condon was in the block of buildings on Bay street between Bull and Whitaker. It still stands, but no one would dream it was ever anything else than a place for business offices. Many changes have been made in the two blocks first known to me as the Gibbons Range and the Waring Range extending from Barnard east of the market to Whitaker, and bounded north and south by Bryan and Congress streets. The old Court House was known to me from the time of my birth until 1889 when

it was replaced by the commodious and stately edifice which is now too small to accommodate the officials holding office under the County government. The old jail, which presented the appearance of an ancient castle, was torn down and its site is now occupied by private residences.

While these changes were necessary to the growth and development of Savannah, I must admit regretting that so many familiar landmarks of my boyhood days have been demolished.

While on the subject of changes that have taken place during my lifetime, one matter in connection with the government of the city of Savannah appears to me to be of sufficient interest to be recorded here. The subject of the paving of the streets of Savannah did not appear to be of much interest until several years after the War of Secession, and then discussions were frequently held both in public circles and among the citizens generally. As I have already stated, the only paving of a public kind was of a rough sort, cobble stones being used entirely. However, there came a time when it seemed positively necessary to put Bay street in such condition as to make the hauling of goods by drays and otherwise, and travel generally over the street, safer and smoother.

It took some time for the City Council to settle the matter, and when a decision was reached, it proved to be the worst made by the Council. The method followed was proposed by a man named Stowe whereby wooden blocks were used and the process was carried out at an immense cost. Some time was required to lay the pavement throughout the length of Bay street. After it was laid it appeared as though it would give complete satisfaction, but it did not take long to discover that the surface of the pavement became very uneven, caused by the sinking of the wooden blocks in many places from time to time. The blocks, before being placed in position, were coated with tar.

Notwithstanding this, when it was found necessary to remove the pavement, the stench arising from the unearthed blocks was so great as to be almost unbearable. I believe this pavement was replaced with crushed oyster shells, which also had to be abandoned. Blocks of cut stone were then used, granite, I believe. The granite was so soft that the paving became uneven and the stone was replaced with what is known as Belgian Blocks. Later a paving material called Gray Wacke Stone, which I believe was actually the same as Belgian Blocks, was used. Of course, in all of these descriptions, let it be inferred that other streets besides Bay were paved with several of these materials. At times some of the streets were macadamized, again vitrified bricks were used. Upon the approaches to the railway stations a substance called Chert was used, and to a considerable extent Augusta gravel, but the last named was too much like clay to give satisfaction. It may be interesting to note that at this time all the paving on Jefferson street was composed of Belgian, or Gray Wacke, blocks, which a number of years later was re-surfaced, or overlaid, with concrete. It is almost needless to say that at the present time most of our city paving consists of well laid concrete which seems to give entire satisfaction. Asphalt is also now used to a considerable extent.

Speaking of changes brings to my mind the remarkable change in methods employed in treating diseases. In my time I have known many Doctors of Medicine and have undergone treatment at the hands of a number of them. Today it is hard to find anyone who has heard the names of some of the drugs and medicines used in my youthful days. Colt's Foot candy was generally used in cases of severe colds and coughs. I have been recently surprised when mentioning it to friends on hearing them say they had never heard of it. In cases of fever, invariably a tea made of the flowers of the Camomile plant was in common use,

sometimes used in connection with quinine, but no one now ever thinks of using it. In almost all cases of illness where calomel was used this drug was called Blue Mass. Flaxseed tea was another remedy in common use, but now flaxseed, if used at all, is applied in the form of a poultice.

In addition to observing changes of a strictly local character, I have witnessed the invention and adoption into universal use of many things which are today commonplace but which aroused the wonder of the world when they first became known. I shall touch on these very briefly. The first was the electric telegraph which, although it was invented before my birth, did not come into practical use until 1844. This was followed by the laying of the trans-Atlantic telegraph cable. The number of inventions resulting from the investigation of the many uses of electricity would make a list too long for me to enumerate here. However, I would like to mention specifically the use of electricity for the lighting of houses, streets, etc., the telephone, wireless, and, in my opinion the most wonderful of all, the radio. Within my period of life I have also seen the development of Cyrus H. McCormick's reaping machine, the invention of the linotype machine and the improvement and perfection of firearms. As mentioned elsewhere, the first gun I used in the War of Secession was a flint and steel musket remodeled for the use of percussion caps. Since then many changes and improvements have been made.

CHAPTER XXVIII

It has always been with me a matter of pride to note the numerous acts on the part of our citizens showing their desire and determination to improve the beauty of our streets and to do honor to the memory of those who, from the very founding of the colony of Georgia, took steps to make Savannah an attractive place of habitation and a delightful spot in which to live. Whoever selected the plan for the laying out of our streets certainly made a success of it, and Savannah is indeed worthy of all the good things said of her by visitors both of this country and from abroad.

In connection with the civic pride exhibited on the part of those who have helped to beautify the city, we have cause to be proud of the fact that so many have contributed of their wealth to make permanent structures of both a patriotic and an architectural character. First, let me mention the construction of the beautiful monument erected to the memory of the Confederate dead, which work was accomplished by the noble women of the city, united in their efforts to memorialize the deeds of the Southern soldiers from their State in the War of Secession. This band of loyal females was known as the "Ladies' Memorial Association of Savannah," and it is to be regretted that I cannot give the names of all of those connected with the work. Without intending to slight anyone, I mention in passing just a few of the names which stick in my memory: the Gilmers, the Lawtons, the Cohens, Mrs. Branch, Mrs. John Williamson, the Owens family, the Screvens, the Myers family, the Lamars, the Copes, Mrs. C. F. Mills, Mrs. W. J. Sams, the Hulls, the Saussys, the Reads and the Andersons.

I desire to make special mention of the zeal and patriotic activity of two ladies whose names belong

to the list just given. I could mention many others, but my recollection is particularly vivid in regard to these two. The devotion of Mrs. Charlotte Branch to the cause represented in the membership of this Association was principally on account of the fact that her three sons were so active in their service to the cause of Secession, all of whom devoted their lives to the State of Georgia with the united efforts of the Southern States to sever the oppressive relations existing between the North and the South. The oldest of Mrs. Branch's sons was killed at the First Battle of Manassas on the 21st of July, 1861, and his death probably strengthened to a great degree her determination to promote to the best of her ability the cause for which her three sons endangered their lives. He died while serving in the capacity of Adjutant of the 8th Georgia Regiment of Infantry, of which the Oglethorpe Light Infantry was a component part. Mrs. Branch, from the inception of the War until her death, stood among the ladies of Savannah as a character of the highest and most lovable type, honored and respected by all of our citizens.

The activities of Mrs. W. W. Gordon were of the most exalted character, principally because of the military service rendered by her husband during the four years of the War between the States. And here I quote a few words from an appreciation of her, written by her son, G. Arthur Gordon, in connection with her decision to labor to the extent of her ability in behalf of the Southern States: "She made her choice (against her Northern relatives) for her husband of the Confederacy without hesitation, and suffered all the agonies of four long and harrowing years . . . the anguish of a woman, alone in a comparatively strange land, with her husband fighting on one side and her father, brothers and uncles on the other, may better be imagined than described."

An incident that should be well known is the replacing of a statue in marble by a bronze statue of a Conferedate soldier, which now surmounts the Confederate monument. It is interesting to know just what happened in connection with this replacement. On the 3rd of June, 1879, the following letter was received by the Ladies' Memorial Association from Mr. G. W. J. DeRenne:

"Savannah, Ga., May 21, 1879.

"The President of the Ladies' Memorial
Association, Savannah.

Madam:

In pursuance of the proposition made and accepted in April of last year, I now present to the Ladies' Memorial Association a bronze statue of a Confederate soldier.

I represent him as he was—marked with the marks of service in features, form and raiment; a man who chose rather to be than to seem, to bear hardship than to complain of it; a man who met with unflinching firmness the fate decreed him, to suffer, to fight and to die in vain.

I offer the statue as a tribute to 'the men' of the Confederate army. Without name, or fame, or hope of gain, they did the duty appointed them to do. Now, their last fight over, their suffering over, they lie in scattered graves throughout our wide Southern land, at rest at last—returned to the bosom of the loved mother they valiantly strove to defend. According to your faith, believe that they may receive their reward in the world to come—they had none on earth.

With the expression of my profound respect for those women of the South who, true to the dead, have sought to save their memory from perishing, I am, Madam,

Very respectfully, etc.,

(Signed) G. W. J. DeRenne."

In response to this communication, the following action was taken by the ladies:

"The following resolutions were then offered and unanimously adopted by a rising vote:

"Whereas, our fellow citizen, G. W. J. DeRenne, has presented to this Association the bronze statue of a Confederate soldier, now crowning the monument erected in the Military Parade of this city, to the memory of the soldiers who perished for the cause they held more precious than life:

"Therefore Resolved, that we, the members of this Association, individually, and as a body, do hereby unanimously express our grateful appreciation of this noble gift, recognizing its great merit not only as a work of art, but as a signal ornament to our beloved city, and as a valued contribution to the public sentiment, worthy of the munificent and solemn purpose of the donor.

"Resolved, that we do hereby accept this tribute with profound gratitude, and in the name of all who are true to these heroic dead, we reverently consecrate it to the memory of the soldiers of the Confederate Army who went 'down into silence.'

"Resolved, that two copies of these proceedings be signed by each of the officers and members of this Association, one copy to be presented to G. W. J. DeRenne, Esq., the other to the Georgia Historical Society, with the request that it may be placed for preservation in the archives of the Society."

The monument in memory of General Nathanael Greene in Johnson Square deserves special mention

here. On his visit to Savannah in 1825, General Lafayette laid cornerstones for monuments to General Greene and Count Pulaski in Johnson and Chippewa Squares. When it came to raising money for the erection of these monuments, however, it was thought that a sufficient sum could not be raised for two monuments and it was decided to erect one jointly to Greene and Pulaski. Although a portion of the money raised for the erection of this monument was contributed by individuals interested in the project, the larger part was raised by means of a lottery. This lottery was authorized by the State Legislature on November 30th, 1826, and the right to conduct it was given to private parties with the distinct stipulation that $1,000.00 be given annually from their receipts to the fund for the monument. The State also made an appropriation. The monument was erected in 1829 and was known for a time as the Greene-Pulaski monument.

In 1853 the City Council gave permission for the erection of a separate monument to Count Pulaski in Monterey Square, and on the 11th of October of that year, anniversary of Count Pulaski's death, the cornerstone was laid. I distinctly recall witnessing the laying of this corner-stone. A large number of citizens were present at the ceremony together with a number of the military under command of Colonel A. R. Lawton. A remarkably fine oration was delivered by Henry Williams, Esq. Work on the monument was completed in the following year.

In 1871 a movement was started to place two tablets on the monument to Nathanael Greene in Johnson Square, but these tablets were not unveiled until 1885. Prior to this time the monument bore no inscription whatsoever.

Bringing this volume to its conclusion, I am sending it forth with a feeling of distrust and doubt. I am aware that it contains much faulty writing, but that

does not cause me the feeling of apprehension that it may be disappointing to my friends who so urgently appealed to me to write it. If it contains any statements which are not strictly true, it has been through a lack of proper enlightment and full information. I have made it a point to be strictly accurate, and I trust that any errors found in its pages will be overlooked. I believe I have written nothing which can cause offense or ill feeling on the part of any one, as I have studiously tried to avoid writing anything that could possibly be construed to be of a harmful tendency.

Should this book be the means of giving useful information, or even a feeling of pleasure to some of its readers, I shall be fully repaid.

INDEX

INDEX